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LONDON NEWS

SUMMER ISSUE



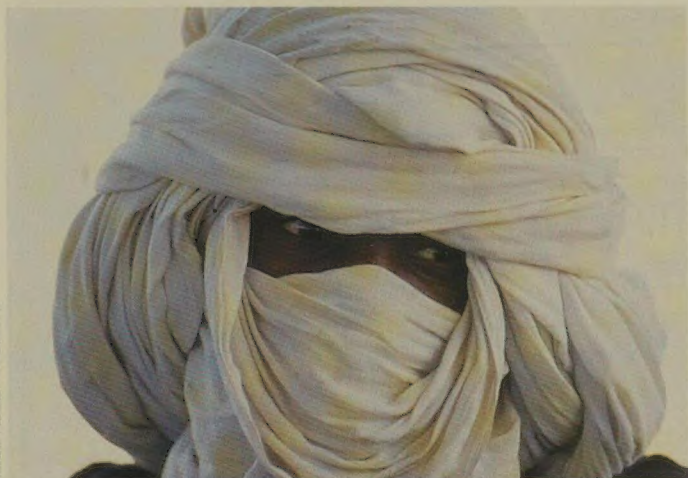
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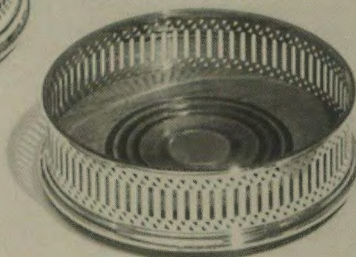
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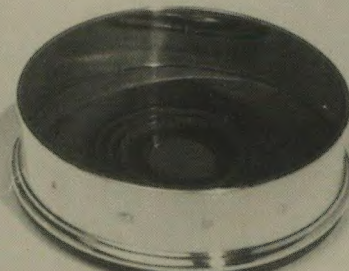
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EDITOR'S LETTER

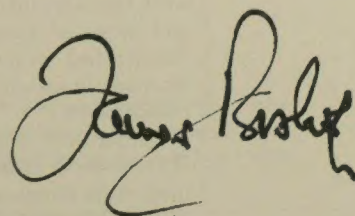
London can take it. Business as usual. The defiant old slogans—much used in the Blitz and probably dating back to the fire of 1666 or even to the ninth century Viking invasion—were deployed again in the last week of April when another massive IRA bomb exploded in the City. It was followed within hours by two other bombs, both in hijacked minicabs whose drivers had been ordered at gunpoint to drive to Scotland Yard and Downing Street. Before reaching their destinations the gunmen fled, enabling the drivers to alert police before the cars blew up—one near King's Cross and the other at Finsbury Park.

The bomb in the City, which was loaded on a tip-up truck parked outside the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank in Bishopsgate, is estimated to have been about a ton—the largest yet assembled by the IRA on the mainland. The damage caused was comparable to that resulting from the Baltic Exchange bombing a year ago. Some buildings were destroyed and more than a million square feet of office space (including the NatWest Tower) were rendered unusable for a month or more. One man was killed and 44 people were injured.

Anger was the most common initial response to the bombing, followed by a determination not to let it bring the life of the capital to a halt. As in the aftermath of the Baltic Exchange explosion, and as at the time of the Blitz and the V1 and V2 attacks, Londoners were quick to mop up, make do and carry on. They recognise that they are inevitably a prime target, though the Warrington outrage showed they are not the only ones in mainland Britain. But London is the heart of the nation: the seat of Government, the home of the monarch, the centre for many of the country's major operations, the focal point and treasure-house for much of the nation's history. Last year the City alone earned some £16,000 million for the nation, and a good proportion of the £8,000 million spent by visitors will also have been collected by London's tourist attractions.

As generally happens after incidents of this nature, there have been calls for something more to be done: interning suspected terrorists without trial, setting up permanent police check-points around the Square Mile, even building a modern version of the Roman Wall with limited and controlled points of entry. Such demands should be resisted, both because they are inappropriate for a free society and would be seen as something of a victory for the terrorists. The most effective response will be greater police and public alertness, more intensive intelligence activity and the wartime spirit of the old Windmill Theatre announcement, "We never closed".

Those who know London will have been particularly saddened by the destruction of the City's smallest church, St Ethelburga-the-Virgin, which is dedicated to the daughter of Ethelbert, first Christian King of Kent. Built originally in the 13th or 14th centuries, it survived the Great Fire and the Blitz, though it has several times been reconstructed (in humble style, as Pevsner described it, both inside and out). The damage was at first seen as irreparable, and it may be that the church cannot be rebuilt. If not, then perhaps the site could be kept clear, an open space or a garden to serve as a memorial to the victims of terrorism.



NELSON'S COLUMN

WOWING 'EM AT GREENWICH



LUCY BAKER

Kristen Lippincott admiring the elegance of Wren's Octagon Room, designed to enable the astronomers royal to study the night skies.

The crowning glory of Wren's Old Royal Observatory in Greenwich Park is the Octagon Room, the tower from which the newly created astronomer royal could peer through his telescopes. Sir Christopher called this part of his design "a little bit for pompe".

As an observatory, the room was useless. "I think it was probably the first corporate entertainment centre, where the king would come with his wigs and his mistresses and flounce around pretending to do things scientific, while the astronomer got more and more impatient to get back to the shed where he did the real work," said Kristen Lippincott, the curator of astronomy at the National Maritime Museum, which has just spent £2 million on restoring the buildings and reinterpreting the collections, under her guidance.

The real work was to make this little crop of buildings the centre of the world, which the Royal Observatory became. It is the beginning of time, zero longitude where east meets west, and the point from which all clocks take their start.

Finding longitude was an increasingly costly problem for shipping, with whole mercantile fleets being lost through navigational miscalculation. For although mariners could tell latitude and how far north or south they were, they were unable to calculate east and west, or longitude, accurately. Seamen had no means of comparing local time at sea with that of a standard known place.

The answer, according to Charles II's mistress, Louise de Kéroualle, might lie in the stars and measuring lunar distance. Sir Jonas Moore, mathematician, surveyor and influential

courtier, supported the theory and suggested John Flamsteed as the astronomer and Christopher Wren as the architect. The observatory was built near the royal palace at Greenwich in 1675, and Britain probably owed its empire to it.

"Wren was pretty crafty and he seems to have built the Octagon on the foundations of an old building, consequently it was not on a north-south line as it would have had to be for Flamsteed's purposes," said Dr Lippincott. "Flamsteed had to make his own meridian line."

Calculating the speed at which heavenly bodies crossed this line, he could map the star positions, and Flamsteed spent the rest of his life, to 1719, on his catalogue. The task was not completed until 1767, when the fifth astronomer royal, Nevil Maskelyne, produced the first Nautical Almanac. Flamsteed was paid £100 a year, from which he had to buy his own instruments.

The present astronomer royal is based at Durham University, the Royal Greenwich Observatory is in Cambridge and the time signal comes from the Atomic Station at Rugby. But astronomy and the Greenwich meridian form only half of the longitude story. The other half was to be able to tell accurate time at sea.

A major part of the new displays is dedicated to John Harrison, a man who began as a Yorkshire carpenter and may have read only one book in his life, but who trained himself as a clockmaker and stands with Isaac Newton as one who changed the course of human history.

Until Harrison, clocks had depended on pendulum systems that were

hopeless at sea, constantly being altered by wave movement. He developed compensatory mechanisms which meant accurate time could be told at sea, something that even Newton said was impossible. The task was likened to squaring a circle.

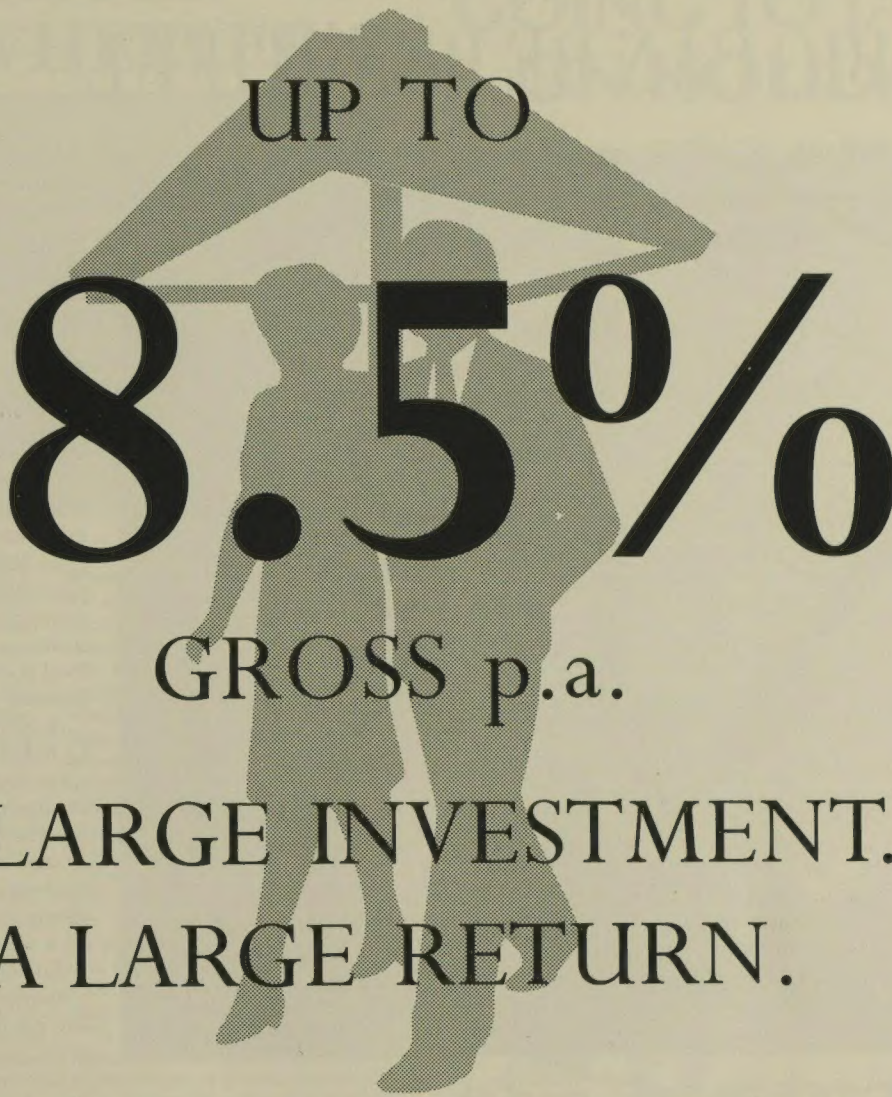
The race to solve this chronometer problem was begun in 1707 with the disastrous wreck of Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovell's flagship, *The Association*, when his fleet found itself unexpectedly on rocks off the Isles of Scilly. Subsequently a Board of Longitude was set up and the government offered £20,000, worth about £1 million today, for the solution. Although Harrison designed his first chronometer, H1, in 1730, it was more than 40 years before he received the full amount of the prize. Aged 80, he had less than three years in which to enjoy it before he died. By then he had developed H4, the most accurate mechanical timepiece ever invented.

All this is part of what Dr Lippincott calls the wow factor. The Greenwich story is a very human one of tragedy and triumph. "The problem was that people were scared of science, and we had to find a way of humanising it," she said. She is not a scientist by training—her PhD was for research into 15th-century northern Italian frescoes. "I'm used to people feeling perfectly comfortable in art galleries and being wowed by great paintings, whereas science seems to intimidate them. We had to take the fear out of it and provide a wow factor."

So now, for instance, you can stand on the meridian and for 60p obtain a certificate that proves you crossed from east to west at a certain time. Flamsteed's rooms have been re-created, showing the relatively humble way in which he lived while working at the observatory. In another gallery is an exploration of time measurement from the bewildering Egyptian constructions of 6,000 years ago to modern atomic clocks. There is the workroom of the second astronomer royal, Edmund Halley, a notoriously inaccurate scientist, said the curator, who never cleaned his instruments.

But the chief problem was the buildings themselves, all listed. They had been in need of refurbishment for a quarter of a century, and steel rafters inserted in the 1950s were bearing down and threatening to destroy the 17th-century ceilings. "We had to renovate the buildings, but it gave us the opportunity to change this from a repository for curators to a public museum," said Dr Lippincott.

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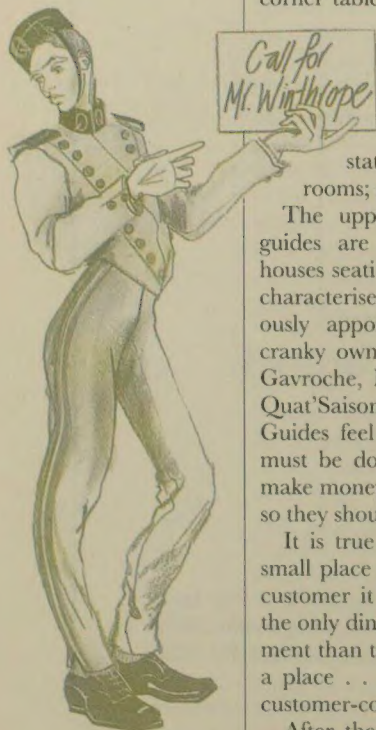
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NELSON'S COLUMN

BIG CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



At Quaglino's, where the food is good, décor is sensational and the diners have certain quality.



Small is beautiful; everyone knows that. In restaurants the fact is emphasised in films and songs and books: the couple arrives in this intimate place, bulging with atmosphere; they sit at a corner table (more desirable than the nearby tables peopled by extras), and it is clear that small equals excellent, equals fashionable. Large means station buffets and hotel grill-rooms; not for us, those aren't.

The upper rankings of the food guides are monopolised by eating-houses seating fewer than 100 people, characterised as "six tables, luxuriously appointed, amazing wine-list, cranky owner". La Tante Claire, Le Gavroche, Nico and Le Manoir aux Quat'Saisons are examples of the type. Guides feel that minuscule hostelrys must be doing it for love (you can't make money from half a dozen tables) so they should be encouraged.

It is true that it is easier to run a small place than a large one. For the customer it is more acceptable to be the only diner in an intimate establishment than to sit alone in a barracks of a place . . . and during a recession, customer-contentment is essential.

After the demise of Lyons Corner

Houses, which seated upwards of 200 people and specialised in such post-war wonders as prawn cocktail, duck in orange sauce, and Black Forest gâteau, there were few large London restaurants that did good business. Langan's Brasserie is big, but it takes an exception to prove a rule. Its competitors tried and failed, and until recently it was unthinkable to go for good food to eating-places that were anything but compact.

Now things have changed. With the opening of Quaglino's, the Criterion Restaurant and Planet Hollywood, large is best, also the most profitable. The Hard Rock Café showed that if there is a queue, people will join it. Quaglino's has gone a stage further by letting customers queue in the bar—where they can spend money—and in due course they will queue outside to join the queue inside that waits to have a drink before getting a table. This is the stuff of success. As if that were not reason enough for going there, the food is good; the décor is sensational; and the clientele is one that competitors would kill for, not just in numbers but in quality too.

So how do they manage to create so many excellent meals? The best guess is that everyone in the kitchen cooks

for all they are worth, continuously, regardless of whether any of the items they cook has been ordered. With a throughput of 400, everything is bound to go. The truth is probably a little more technical than that, but where there is one man in charge of mashed potatoes, another with sole responsibility for green salads, it is possible to produce superior food for substantial numbers of diners.

For the customer, the more there is to attract his attention the less demanding he will be. When several hundred spectators are standing on the floor above, waiting for you to finish your meal, it is entertaining to sit and contemplate their discomfort as they strain to come on down. Even if the food does not arrive, there is solace in knowing that *you* have.

A friend of mine booked a table at Q, found that he could not make it and spent four hours ringing and finding the line engaged before he could cancel. He swears he will never go there . . . and each time he tells that story his listeners determine to book and see for themselves. That is what success does for a place.

The newly opened, successful, large restaurants receive much publicity, and it is reasonable to ask "If one can't get in, why recommend them?"

Let me suggest a couple of ways whereby you might squeeze into "fully booked" establishments. Bear in mind that such places are not actually full and that table allocation is not an exact science. Many people who book come late or fail to arrive; also professional restaurants keep a goodly number of tables for the possible arrival of recognisable, rich, important or royal customers, who will make the waiting unknowns feel that they have come to the right place.

One stratagem is to slip some notes into the maître d's hand, promising him that you will vacate the table in an hour and a half, that you have a theatre to go to . . . (Scottish £1 notes are useful, as maître d's are far too grand to examine denominations; six Scottish oncers feel like serious money).

Another is to ring up and leave important messages for yourself. "When Mr—arrives, please ask him to telephone the minister's private office" has worked well.

Finally, one of the advantages of a large restaurant is that while walking to that distant table you have time and opportunity to assess the food you see on the plates of other diners—which is much more meaningful than examining the menu.

CLEMENT FREUD

AN OFFER FROM WHEELER'S



The celebrated Wheeler's group of restaurants is offering readers of *The Illustrated London News* the chance to win a sumptuous dinner for four, including a welcoming bottle of champagne.

Founded in 1856, Wheeler's has become a British institution, renowned as much for its atmosphere as for its fish. For many the name is synonymous with oysters, which is hardly surprising since the reputation of Wheeler's restaurants was founded on this most delectable of shellfish.

The name of the restaurant derives, it is believed, from a somewhat Dickensian character called Captain Wheeler, who in 1856 set up an oyster bar in East Anglia, though there was also a shellfish bar known as Wheeler's at Whitstable, in Kent. It was the son of the owner of this bar, Bernard Walsh, who came to London to develop a wholesale fish business. His first order, some 4,500 prime oysters, was dispatched by tricycle to three of London's most fashionable restaurants.

In 1929 Walsh opened the first Wheeler's Oyster Bar in Old Compton Street, Soho. It quickly became the place to eat oysters. During the 1930s Wheeler's would stay open every day from 8am to midnight throughout the oyster season (September to April). Later, dur-

ing the second half of the 1940s, Wheeler's became a popular venue for Londoners and visitors to the capital seeking relief from post-war austerity.

It was in this era that the legendary Thursday Club was born, when the then editor of the *Tatler*, Sean Fielding, suggested to his contributors that they meet him for lunch on Thursday at Wheeler's in Old Compton Street. It was the start of a club that became renowned for its wit and bohemian behaviour.

Today Wheeler's retains its reputation for good company and fine fish. There are now 12 restaurants, 10 of them in London, all offering that idiosyncratic mix of excellent food, good service and traditional (and very British) style.

To win your free chance of experiencing this for yourself and three of your family or friends, answer the three questions below by entering (a) (b) or (c) to each in the boxes and returning the coupon to the address given.

The first four correct entries, drawn at random on June 25, will each win a free dinner for four, plus complimentary bottle of champagne, at Wheeler's, Old Compton Street, or at another Wheeler's restaurant of your choice. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the draw.

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2. Which of the following is not an oyster?

(a) Marennes, (b) Osterreicher, (c) Portuguese

Answer

3. According to Hilaire Belloc, which sea creature was not a table fish?

(a) Stingray, (b) Whale, (c) Manatee

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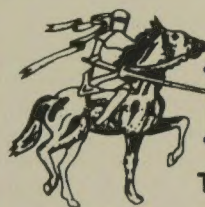
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NELSON'S COLUMN

VICTORY IN NORTH AFRICA



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German troops hurry to surrender to a British tank crew at Frenj on the day before Tunis fell to the Allies. A captured German said they had been beaten by the barrage: "It was . . . guns, guns, guns."

Fifty years ago, on May 9, 1943, Joseph Goebbels wrote in his diary that in Tunisia the Germans were "experiencing a sort of second Stalingrad". Early in February Churchill had visited the conquering Eighth Army in Tripoli, and Montgomery had put on a victory parade through the city by the New Zealand troops and Britain's 51st Highland Division. But beneath the euphoria there were worries about the campaign in Tunisia.

In November, just after El Alamein, British and American forces had landed in Operation Torch along the coast of French North Africa. The operation had been given an American commander, General Dwight Eisenhower, to kick the ground from under influential people in Washington who wanted the main thrust of America's war effort to be made against Japan. The Axis powers had flown reinforcements into Tunisia, and well before the New Year of 1943 the Allied drive on Tunis and Bizerta had stalled.

Commanding the First Army was a Dunkirk veteran, General Sir Kenneth Anderson. German reinforcements had been flown in more quickly than expected and Anderson's troops, including the American II Corps, were brought to a halt in the rain and snow of the mountains of the eastern dorsal. After that winter Eisenhower put General Sir Harold Alexander, commander-in-chief Middle East, in charge of the land battle. That was on February 18, just as the Germans were driving the Americans off the eastern dorsal and right back beyond the

Kasserine Pass on the western dorsal. The commander of the II Corps was dismissed and replaced by General George Patton.

The Tunisian campaign was not too kind to Patton. His forces failed to break out from the eastern dorsal to the coastal plain to cut off the Axis troops retreating from the Eighth Army. Alexander warned him to expect vicious counter-attacks, which were duly punched in by the Panzers. But near El Guettar one of Patton's infantry divisions stopped a thrust by the 10th Panzer Division on March 23, and following that success the Americans were able to relegate Kasserine to a bad memory.

Montgomery now sent the New Zealand troops of General Sir Bernard Freyberg, VC, heavily reinforced by Lieutenant-General Brian Horrocks's corps, curving like an immense harpoon round the Germans' right shoulder. On April 10, bursting through Wadi Akarit, he entered Sfax.

On reaching Enfidaville Montgomery told his immediate superior, Alexander, how to finish the campaign. Some have suggested that it was Alexander who cast the plan for taking Tunis, but the evidence is against them. On April 22 Operation Vulcan began, with dispersed attacks along the eastern dorsal, attempting to reach the road to Tunis from Medjez el Bab. Vulcan failed, and Montgomery noted that at Enfidaville he was struggling to gain ground in country resembling the north-west frontier of India. There is no evidence that he was trying to break through from Enfidaville to grab the

glory of taking Tunis, and in fact he had already sent Alexander his 1st Armoured Division.

On April 30 Alexander flew to see him; Air Marshal Harry Broadhurst, commanding the Desert Air Force, was present at the meeting. When Alexander said he was planning another multi-pronged attack with the First Army, Montgomery advised him not to do it. The Germans, he said, had too little petrol to move Panzer reinforcements to any threatened spot, and it was necessary only to "punch straight through".

He gave Alexander the Desert Rats, the 7th Armoured Division, plus the 4th Indian Division and 201 Guards Brigade. His best corps commander, Horrocks, would command the final assault; and Alexander wisely insisted to Anderson on May 3 that "every effort must be made to pass the two armoured divisions through on the same day as the infantry attack starts".

On May 5 the Irish Guards stormed the heights of Djebel bou Aoukaz overlooking the road to Tunis, and at 3.30 the next morning the fire of 650 guns melted the German front. The 4th British and the 4th Indian divisions punched a hole only 2 miles wide, and the 6th and the 7th Armoured divisions headed for Tunis. The Air Force unrolled a road of bombs, and the 15th Panzer Division practically died as a formation in front of Tunis.

Early on the afternoon of May 7 the leading armoured cars drove into the centre of Tunis. Conquerors and conquered stared at each other, one group of Germans with lather on their faces coming to gape from the doors of a barber's shop.

To the north the Americans' II Corps, which now comprised four divisions that were wholly battle-worthy, bounced like a steel ball along the hill-tops to enter Bizerta the same day. On May 8 the last mopping-up was accomplished. Columns of German and Italian soldiers marched in search of Allied troops who would accept their surrender. Convoys of vehicles packed with officers drove around with the same intention. The next day Alexander sent to Churchill (who was in America) a signal: "We are masters of the North African shore."

The battle for Tunis may be seen as the swan-song of the old British Empire, the last campaign of the war against Germany that was won by predominantly British forces. The Allied team dominated by America, that was eventually to win the war, had now been established.

JOHN WOOLFORD



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A MAN FOR ALL DUKEDOMS



John "Jimmy" James worked for four dukes of Westminster in his 31 years at the Grosvenor Estate. Now he is to take charge of the prestigious property portfolio of the Prince of Wales.

A new chief executive will be looking after the Prince of Wales's main properties and source of income from July 1. He is John Nigel Courtenay James, popularly known as Jimmy, who is probably the best qualified person in the country for the job. James retired in April as executive trustee of the Grosvenor Estate, the epitome of landed ducal grandeur. But in his new job, secretary and keeper of the records of the Duchy, he will be responsible for an even more prestigious landed estate.

Mention the Grosvenor Estate to a Londoner and he will probably think of the dukes of Westminster; of fabulous wealth, mysterious because still private and aristocratic; and of those opulent, dark-blue squares on the Monopoly board, Mayfair and Park Lane. But though their London estate—about a third of Mayfair and the bulk of Belgravia—is still the jewel in their coronet, the Grosvenors' property is not confined to London.

At Eaton, the family home estate in Cheshire, the Grosvenors have a hotel, a garden centre and some 11,000 acres of farmland; in Lancashire and Scotland a further 124,000 acres of grouse moor and forest—though these tend, as Wilde's Lady Bracknell remarked of land generally, to give one position while preventing one from keeping it up.

The dukes of Westminster, however, have kept it up, by a judicious blend of family trusts, diversification and modern business methods. Today the Grosvenor Estate is big business, ranked with the four or five largest commercial property companies in Britain. And no one knows more about

this complex, slightly mysterious, but thoroughly hard-headed apparatus designed to keep the dukes from penury than James. When he retired on April 1, after 31 years with the estate, he ceased to be executive trustee. But despite the job title he was in effect the group managing director of a huge international business, with office blocks, business parks and shopping centres in places as far flung as Vancouver and Beverly Hills, Sacramento and Sydney, as well as Kent, Cambridge, Bolton and Chester.

James, a tall, genial, unpretentious man aged 58, is the fourth generation of his family to be a chartered surveyor. In 1961 he joined the Grosvenors' five-strong London estate staff in Davies Street, Mayfair; they looked after all the Grosvenor properties in Mayfair and Belgravia. "Now we have 130 people here in Davies Street." Appointed trustee in 1971, James has presided over the estate's conversion from plain London freeholder to international investment and development business, working in partnership with pension funds in the US, Britain and, increasingly, Europe.

He remembers the gardens in stately Eaton Square with post-war chicken-wire in place of railings, and he marvels at the rise in property values. "I can recall in my early days small, unimproved terrace houses at the Pimlico end of the estate being let on very modest ground rents. For a longish lease in Chester Row, it might be £200 a year." The going rate in the 1990s has been closer to £10,000.

"But alongside the tremendous rise in property values, there has been a tremendous increase in our and the public's awareness of conservation." It was touch and go, when the Eaton Square houses were derequisitioned after the Second World War, whether the estate restored and converted or demolished them. Now demolition would be unthinkable. He recalls truckloads of seashells being carted away during refurbishment; the Georgian builders had placed them between the joists as sound insulation.

In his 31 years James has worked for four dukes: the third, fourth, fifth and sixth. Acting "as his bag carrier" he went around the world with the fifth duke. "He was a quiet, undemanding, enormously patient man, but if he was roused, his anger was formidable. He totally exploded. It happened only very rarely, but, by God!, when it did, the earth shook."

James illustrates the canniness of 20th-century Grosvenors with the tale of the building of the present United

States Embassy in Grosvenor Square. The Americans wanted it—like other US embassies—to be freehold; the estate insisted it gave leases only. The post-war ambassador, Lewis Douglas, lobbied Winston Churchill. Churchill twisted the arm of the second duke, Bend'Or (the nickname was given to him by the first duke because the child's golden curls reminded him of one of the duke's racehorses with that name), who eventually agreed provided the United States restored land in Florida that had been granted to Earl Grosvenor in 1769. The condition could not be fulfilled; the London embassy remains leasehold.

The Florida stipulation by Bend'Or was in fact something of a canard: the land grant had long been extinguished when the Spaniards regained possession of Florida in 1783. And it seems the 12,000 acres at Palatka, originally granted by King George III for plantation purposes, now includes a rubbish dump. As to the embassy lease, that has still some 950 years to run at a peppercorn rent. James recalls a party at which Charles Price, ambassador from 1983 to 1989, presented the sixth duke with a casket containing 12 silver peppercorns—remarking that he thought the rent might be a little in arrears.

The estate has been fighting two threats to its profitability recently: recession (whose effects James believes will last for 10 years); and the latest leasehold enfranchisement legislation, which he argues is morally wrong as well as being bad for conservation.

The Grosvenor Estate fights its corner skilfully and sometimes exploits long-forgotten conditions in leases. Thus when the second duke sold the land at Hyde Park Corner for the old St George's Hospital, he stipulated that should it ever cease to be used as a hospital, it should revert to him at the original price. The estate invoked this condition to secure a share in the site's redevelopment.

Another lease of land by the second duke in 1929 to house the "working classes" led last year to a rather more altruistic stand. Westminster Council wished to sell off flats on the site for owner-occupation. The present duke took the council to court to preserve the flats as properties for renting to low-income tenants. He won.

James sees his new job as "a change of gear; getting back to using my skills hands-on, being less of a paper-pusher". Looking after the Prince of Wales's property will, he says, mean "dealing with some interesting challenges rather than problems".

TONY ALDOUS

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Dec 8	Cape Town		6.00pm
Dec 9-11	Cruise South Atlantic		
Dec 12	Tristan da Cunha	7.00am	6.00pm
Dec 13-15	Cruise South Atlantic Ocean		
Dec 16	Grytviken, South Georgia	7.00am	6.00pm
Dec 17	Bay of Isles, South Georgia	7.00am	6.00pm
Dec 18	Elsehul, South Georgia	6.00am	1.00pm
Dec 19	Cruise Scotia Sea		
Dec 20	Signy & Coronation Islands, South Orkneys	6.00am	2.00pm
Dec 21	Paulet Island	Exact itinerary and ports of call dependent on ice conditions, weather and wildlife in Antarctica	
Dec 22	Half Moon Island		
Dec 23	Paradise Bay		
Dec 24	Lemaire Channel		
	French Passage		
Dec 25	Cape Horn	cruising	
Dec 26	Ushuaia, Argentina	7.00am	overnight
Dec 27	Ushuaia		6.00am
	Beagle Channel	cruising	
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THE LOUVRE REBORN



MAINTENANCE/STYLING

*A grand bicentenary refurbishment of the Louvre has opened up new spaces for Old Masters. The reappraising of works in storage may reveal some more hitherto unrecognised masterpieces as it did for the *Mona Lisa* 150 years ago.*

The Louvre is dead, long live the Grand Louvre! This autumn the world's most famous museum celebrates its bicentenary with the completion of building work inside the vast Richelieu wing on the rue de Rivoli. An immense underground car park, shopping centre and fashion complex have been built beneath the place du Carrousel. Building façades have been scrubbed, the restoration laboratories moved, and courtyards turned into sculpture gardens. The museum's 31,000-square-metre exhibition space has been doubled and many favourite works have been moved.

By far the most ambitious and controversial of President François Mitterrand's colossal *grands projets*, the new Grand Louvre is bound to surprise and delight even the most museum-weary traveller. A bold statement of inspired architecture and modern museology, it represents the culmination of a decade of planning and construction. Architect I.M. Pei's controversial glass pyramid that has graced the Cour Napoléon since 1989 is only the tip of the proverbial iceberg. To see the rest you must wind your way down the pyramid's spiral staircase, cross the subterranean esplanade and mount the steeply-raked escalators of the Richelieu wing, the centre-piece of this year's bicentenary festivities.

This wing was the exclusive fief of the Ministry of Finance from 1871 until 1989, when President Mitterrand declared he intended to "give the Louvre back to history" and sent the bureaucrats packing, leaving Pei and his French associates, Michel Macary and Jean-Michel Wilmotte, to transform the offices into immense gallery spaces. The subtly-lit basement now houses a superb cache of Islamic art that had been relegated to the reserves. Three courtyards, once unsightly car parks, are now roofed with sparkling spiders' webs of glass and steel. The Puget and Marly courts boast scores of monumental French sculptures, among them the magnificent *Chevaux de Marly*. Most spectacular of all is the Khorsabad court, a replica of the ancient palace of Assyrian king Sargon II, with relief sculptures and winged bulls carved in the eighth century BC. Oriental antiquities and more French sculpture fill the ground floor's modern rooms.

Perhaps the most captivating thing about the Grand Louvre, and the Richelieu wing in particular, is the juxtaposition of old and new. It is certainly thrilling to happen upon the restored salon of the Duc de Morny, a lavish Second Empire affair dripping with gilt and crystal. Like the former great hall (now the Salle des Cariatides), it is a reminder that the Louvre, though a museum for the last two centuries, was first a royal residence.

Indeed, throughout the palace's 800-year history, the superimposition of building styles has been the rule. The original Louvre was built as a fortress by Philippe Auguste in the late 12th century. It evolved into a Gothic château and 300 years later, after much rebuilding, became a Renaissance palace under François I. But it was Henri IV who first invited the Muses into the palace in the early 17th century by showing his collection of ancient marble sculptures in the Salle des Cariatides. Louis XIV named his court painter Charles Le Brun curator of artworks at the Louvre in 1662, but after 20 years the Sun King moved the seat of government to Versailles and the abandoned palace was overrun by artists and artisans. During the reigns of Louis XV and Louis XVI such celebrated painters as Robert, Fragonard and Chardin lived and worked there. In 1793 the museum was at last opened to the public as the Musée Central des Arts. Contrary to popular belief, most of the Louvre we know today was rebuilt in the first half of the 19th century by Napoléon I and Napoléon III. So the

present reconstruction simply carries on a centuries-old tradition.

On the second floor of the Richelieu wing impressive collections of northern European painting flow naturally to the French painting collections of the Cour Carrée, reopened last December. Milanese architect Italo Rota has taken what was unused attic space in this 16th-century section and broken it up into 39 airy rooms. Some one-third of the 18th- and early-19th-century French paintings on show there have not been on public view in decades—fine canvases and pastels by artists such as Watteau, Subleyras, Prud'hon and Chassériau. Several rooms are dedicated entirely to the oils of Corot.

The Grand Louvre's scale has forced curators to re-examine long-standing policies about what to show and why. Reshuffling the thousands of paintings and sculptures is expected to take between four and five years. In addition to the permanent exhibits, there will be several major temporary shows each year, and the museum's reserves have been pressed into service. Notably, a number of handsome tapestries of hunting scenes, and a series of large historical paintings commissioned by Louis XVI have been brought out of storage and given places of honour. Instead of displays comprising only key works, many lesser but worthy items have been restored to view, a policy in keeping with the aims of the original museum's creators like the painter Jacques-Louis David who called for an "infinite variety" of art.

But the new policy has prompted some critics to echo the words of a commentator from the 1790s who complained that "the sublime, the beautiful and the good, the mediocre, the bad—and outright rubbish" were presented side by side. More sanguine observers point out that taste and fashion are in constant flux. Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* and Michelangelo's two *Slave* sculptures became the rage only in the mid-19th century. So perhaps the latest reshuffle will bring to light another masterpiece.

The new Louvre offers many other benefits, not the least of which is room to breathe. Some five million people visited the museum in 1992, and that figure is expected to rise to more than eight million by the end of the decade. The old Louvre, with its fusty décor and poor lighting, had simply outgrown the space available. Surely the visionaries of 1793, who in creating the Louvre hailed Paris the "capital of the universe", would be proud.

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BATTLE OF THE CHESS GIANTS



DAVID SPANIER
ASSESSES
NIGEL SHORT'S
CHANCES
AGAINST GARRY
KASPAROV.

The battle for the world chess championship between Garry Kasparov, of Russia, and his English challenger Nigel Short is likely to be bitter and brutal. Though the players may not actually come to blows, there is no doubt that each of them will have violence in mind. The language of the boxing ring is apt: this is a grudge match. The event will open in London in September, with a prize fund of £1.7 million, sponsored by a consortium organised by *The Times* newspaper.

Chess championships come and go but this match has made headlines from the start, because the players broke with the International Chess Federation and set up their own "Professional Chess Association" to stage the event.

Kasparov, 30, is an extraordinarily

charismatic young man. He was born in Baku, Azerbaijan, of an Armenian mother and a Jewish father, who died when the boy was only seven. His mother, Klara, who has been the decisive influence in shaping his career, though not a player herself, still accompanies him to many of his matches.

He is acknowledged as far and away the best chess player in the history of the royal game, surpassing even the great Bobby Fischer. Kasparov has a complete mastery of every aspect—opening theory, middle game, endgame. So much might be taken for granted in a world champion. But on top of this he displays at the board super-aggression that terrifies opponents. On recent form he seems almost invincible. When, as happens once a year or so, he loses a game, it is an international event in chess.

If the coming world championship was simply about who plays chess better, it would be no contest. But something else is at stake: a heady mixture of reputation and honour.

Nigel Short, 28 on June 1, was born at Atherton in Lancashire. He, too, was a chess prodigy, picking up the game, untaught, at the age of six. Like his rival, his early promise was marked by spectacular victories over seasoned players, leading to the coveted title of international grandmaster while still a teenager.

But at the age of 15 he was imprudently thrown into the lions' den of a big London tournament, which included most of the top players in the world and, not surprisingly, was wiped out. Chess can be a cruel game: playing

on an international stage, the loser is not merely beaten, his ego is crushed.

Moreover, with Short there was always a doubt. Had he the dedication, the killer instinct, to scale the summit of a world championship? Though not academically minded, he was persuaded by his mother to study for A-levels (which he did not complete), losing a valuable year at a formative period. At that time he had never read a novel outside his set books, preferring space-invader games.

Still, he strengthened his game and began to make fresh progress. His rating rose to the top 10 in the world rankings, then to number three. But on the threshold of success he lost a key qualifying match to his English rival (and West Hampstead neighbour) Jon Speelman. It was a catastrophic reversal of fortune.

Short took it hard, but he also learnt his lesson. He began to work more systematically; he took on an experienced trainer, a former Czech grandmaster, Lubosh Kavalek, who had been an aide to Bobby Fischer. The schoolboy giggle which still punctuates his conversation is misleading. Beneath it he has developed a battle-hardened mentality and a will to win. When he met Speelman next time around, it was Short, after the smoke cleared, who emerged as victor.

He married Rea, who comes from Greece where they spend long holidays away from chess. A few years older than her husband, she gave his untidy bachelor life a new stability. They have a daughter, Kyveli, on whom Short dotes. At the ceremony, held at Simpson's-in-the-Strand restaurant, to open sealed

£1 million bids for staging the world championship Short dangled the gurgling baby on his knee.

Kasparov, too, is married, with a baby daughter. His wife, Masha, a student of linguistics from Moscow, plays a supportive role in providing the security and understanding that enable a professional chess player to retain his emotional balance.

Outsiders may think of it as a logical, scientific game in which grandmasters of superhuman IQ calculate long series of moves, leading inexorably to checkmate. Chess, as a competitive sport, is not like that. Behind the polite handshake at the start of the game, chess is highly aggressive, not to say bloodthirsty. (Medieval ballads tell of players losing their lives at the chessboard.)

In a world championship match each player's manhood, the sum of his knowledge and experience, his very being, are at stake. To lose is in this sense to be destroyed, both on the day and in the history books. What makes the coming world championship so fraught is that Short has deliberately raised the stakes by personal attacks on his opponent.

To describe the world champion as "thoroughly unpleasant", as "incredibly arrogant", as unable to deal with normal relationships, or as a complete idiot (Short's epithet was more anatomical), might be felt as going a bit far. But Short was not joking. He claimed that the end of Kasparov's reign would cause no weeping in the chess community.

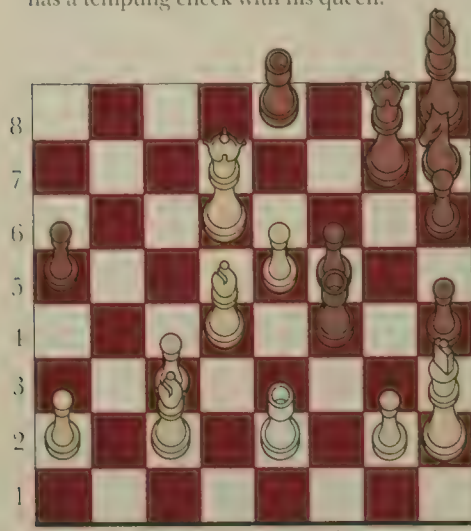
Why this intensity of feeling against a man who, in purely chess terms, is a genius? Kasparov admits that his position at the top is bound to cause resentment and jealousy. He is, no doubt, impetuous, tactless and imbued with the streak of ego and selfishness which most champions evince.

The explanation seems to be that in his new, highly motivated and ambitious role as challenger, Short believes he can say what he likes, regardless. He may also see some advantage in trying to unsettle, or "psych" out his opponent. If so, this tactic may backfire. Instead of trading insults Kasparov is determined to give his answer in language that Short, and everyone else, will understand: at the chess-board. In that case his young challenger may get his come-uppance.

All this has attracted enormous public interest in the contest. Whoever thought chess would make headlines in the papers or on television news? Or that a bespectacled young lad from the north, playing a studious board game beyond the wit of most of the public, would be treated like a pop star? Fighting and feuding notwithstanding, for chess there have never been such times □

SHORT'S DIABOLICAL TRAP

In his crucial match against Jan Timman at El Escorial for the right to challenge Kasparov, Short showed both coolness and cunning. In the diagram position both players are under pressure. Timman, black to move, has a tempting check with his queen.



38... Qg3+

39 Kg1 h3

How is Short to save himself? After 40... h2+ 41 Kh1 the black rook on the f-file will deliver checkmate on the back rank.

40 Rf2?

This looks like a wonderful saving resource, because if Black now captures the white rook with his own rook, White has the diabolical trap of moving his pawn to e6, giving a discovered check with his bishop, and freeing his queen to take black's own queen!

In fact, later analysis showed that Short made a mistake on his 40th move. If he first plays 40 e6+ Kg8 and then 41 Rf2, White wins easily.

But in time trouble, Timman cracks.

40... h2+?

Instead 40... Rxd4 41 Qxd4 Ng5 42 e6+ Kg8 43 Qf4 draws.

41 Kh1 Rxd4

41... Rxf2 42 e6+ again wins the queen.

42 Qxd4 Nf6

White cannot capture the knight because of the threat of a back rank mate from the black rook.

43 Re2!

And Short won. Such are the thrills and spills (not to mention the complexities) of world championship chess.

FILM STARS IN THE MAKING



George Perry shines a spotlight on a number of talented cinema actors who are on the verge of international stardom.

The Cinderella syndrome is one of the most persistent myths associated with the film world. Many people believe that an unknown person with no acting experience can be made into a star overnight, achieving instant international acclaim and riches. I cannot argue that it has never happened, but examples are very rare, and such careers usually brief. The reality is that those actors who reach the top usually have done so after many years of dedicated slogging at their craft. Jack Nicholson, for instance, currently the highest-paid cinema star, made a living with occasional bit parts before becoming noticed in *Easy Rider* at the age of 32. Of course, luck enters into it, to a degree. But as the director Billy Wilder said to me recently, luck usually favours those who have the talent in the first place.

Outside Hollywood there is another factor. Cinema in Europe is becoming less parochial. In most countries now only the lowest-budgeted production has a hope of making a return in its domestic market. Films must be exportable, even if

Left, little-known actress Marisa Tomei won an Oscar this year for her role in the comedy My Cousin Vinny. Her seemingly instant success was the culmination of 10 years' hard work developing her skills in minor parts in films and television.



only to other member states of the EC. Non-American actors have to be prepared to cross national frontiers and it helps them if they are polylingual. To be recognised in Hollywood requires English. Although a pan-European cinema is beginning to evolve, Hollywood continues to dominate most of the world's screens.

The best of the younger names making headway towards international stardom all share years of hard, dedicated work behind them, whether it has been gathering experience in regional theatres, appearing in daytime television soaps, or having minor roles in dismal and best-forgotten films. For instance, two American actors recently celebrated as promising newcomers have both been working for a decade or more.

Marisa Tomei was hailed as a potential new star after her brilliant comedy performance in *My Cousin Vinny* last year. She was nominated for an Oscar as best supporting actress for her role as the pushy girlfriend of a Brooklyn lawyer in America's Deep South, and won against such nominees as Judy Davis and Vanessa Redgrave. Tomei had managed the remarkable feat of stealing the film from its frenetic star, Joe Pesci. Yet she made her film debut nearly 10 years ago with a one-line part in *The Flamingo Kid* and has spent the intervening years developing her talent for comic timing in various

television sitcoms. She is now attempting less abrasive roles, and recently played a Minneapolis waitress looking for love in *Untamed Heart*.

Michael Madsen is also looking for milder roles, having established himself as one of the ablest screen villains. He is skilled at portraying psychopaths who can explode into violence. His performance as Mr Blond, one member of a violent gang of thieves in Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs*, is like Cagney at his best in, say, *White Heat*, with abrupt mood-swings erupting into psychotic frenzy. Madsen's training-ground has been in television series such as *Miami Vice*, *Cagney and Lacey* and *Tour of Duty*. He now hopes that the public can accept him as a conventional hero.

The Italian-American contribution to American cinema, so satisfyingly fulfilled by directors Martin Scorsese and Francis Coppola and actors such as Al Pacino and Robert De Niro, continues with John Turturro. He is a product of the Yale drama school, but from a blue-collar background, and has maintained a parallel career on the New York stage. After several years of accomplished small parts in films he won the Best Actor award at Cannes in 1991 for playing the title role in Joel and Ethan Coen's *Barton Fink*, as a liberal Broadway playwright suffering in 1940s Hollywood. Turturro is multi-talented and has recently

Left, Paul Mercurio both dances and acts. Centre, Johanna Ter Steege, one of the most promising of emerging Euro-actresses. Right, Adrian Dunbar is also a writer. Opposite, Tim Roth, an English actor who is just as convincing in American roles.

directed, co-written and starred in *Mac*, the story of an Italian-American construction worker, who is based on his father. His off-beat approach is tense and edgy, but he has a gift for comedy. "A great comedic performance has great pathos and humanity," he says, and attempts to endow his performances with those qualities.

Someone who has been in the film business longer than Turturro, but was only recently discovered by Hollywood, is the wirily agile French gamine Anne Parillaud, who plays a female vampire in modern Pittsburgh in John Landis's comic horror-thriller *Innocent Blood*. Her film debut occurred as long ago as 1977, when at the age of 16 she was selected by Michel Lang to play a teenager on holiday in Brittany in *L'Hôtel de la Plage*. She then gave up her training as a ballet dancer. Parillaud achieved international recognition in 1990 as a girl terrorist in Luc Besson's dark thriller *Nikita*, winning herself a César and a Donatello, the French and Italian equivalents of the Oscar. Hollywood has remade Besson's film, now called *Point of No Return*, but



REN FAYURES

cast Bridget Fonda in Parillaud's role.

Such remakes are a standard device, as Hollywood studios believe that mainstream American audiences are incapable of accepting subtitled films from Europe. It happened to the Dutch director George Sluizer, who remade his disturbing 1988 thriller *The Vanishing* in Hollywood with American actors and a new, more upbeat ending, insisted upon by the paymasters. It was not a success. In the superb earlier film Johanna Ter Steege had, in spite of disappearing in the first reel, succeeded in dominating the entire film. She is one of the best of an emerging group of Euro-actresses.

Now 28, she lives in Amsterdam, but most of her films have been made outside Holland. Recently she won a European Film Award, the Felix, for her performance as a Budapest-based Russian teacher in István Szabó's *Sweet Emma, Dear Böbe*, having earlier appeared in the Hungarian director's David Puttnam-produced film *Meeting Venus*, which was made in Paris. Recently she learned French for a film by Jean-Luc Godard, which has failed to materialise. Ter Steege is an intelligent and discriminating actress, which may explain why she has not yet made a foray into Hollywood. The closest was her appearance in the American director Robert Altman's European-made film about van Gogh and his brother, *Vincent and Theo*.

MINIAR MORRINO/SYGMA





ROBERT KAY

Playing van Gogh in Altman's film was the London-born actor Tim Roth. He studied sculpture at art college and had no formal acting training beyond an extended apprenticeship with such institutions as the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre. Roth entered feature films in Stephen Frears's 1984 thriller *The Hit* but, following the success of Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* at the 1990 Venice Film Festival, he has moved to Los Angeles. Now, in the wake of his British contemporary Gary Oldman, he has learned an American accent to play an undercover cop in *Reservoir Dogs*. More recently he has mastered the tricky South Bronx-Irish intonation for *Jumpin' at the Boneyard*. Roth's transition to mainstream American cinema follows a lengthy British career in film and television, and he keenly feels the irony of being hailed as a promising new name to watch.

The progress of Caroline Goodall has similarities. She was with the National Youth Theatre of Great Britain before reading drama and English at Bristol University, after which she spent some years in regional British theatre, later appearing at the National Theatre and with the Royal Shakespeare Company. As her mother was Australian she decided to try working there and in 1990 won the Australian Film Institute's best actress award for the mini-series thriller *Cassidy*. Until director Steven Spielberg

cast her in his modern variation of the Peter Pan story, *Hook*, as Wendy's granddaughter, she was virtually unknown in Hollywood. But her performance, which calmly countered the manic extravagance of Robin Williams as the adult Peter, attracted much critical attention. The rewards followed, with a leading part in *Cliffhanger*, an action film with Sylvester Stallone, and one of the key roles in Steven Spielberg's current production, *Schindler's List*, which is based on Thomas Kenneally's controversial novel, *Schindler's Ark*.

In the past 15 years Australia has contributed a number of significant acting names to world cinema, among them Judy Davis, Mel Gibson, Bryan Brown and Nicole Kidman. Now joining them is Paul Mercurio, who gives an electric performance in the energetic, spectacular comedy *Strictly Ballroom*, directed by Baz Luhrmann. It has proved to be the most successful Australian film of recent years in Britain and America. Mercurio is the son of the character actor Gus Mercurio and was born in 1963. From the age of nine he trained as a dancer, and went from the Australian Ballet School into the Sydney Dance Company, where he became a principal.

In order to play Scott Hastings, the hero of Luhrmann's film, which depicts Australian ballroom dancing as an aggressive spectator sport restricted by

Left, Michael Madsen, skilled at playing crazy villains worthy of James Cagney. Centre, John Turturro, who brings a tense, edgy quality to all his performances. Right, French actress Anne Parillaud has just made her Hollywood screen debut.

arcane rules and riven with bitter jealousies, he had to learn new dance techniques. "Scott's a bit of a rebel," said Mercurio, adding: "The role didn't require a total change of personality for me." Luhrmann was impressed with his acting ability: "While he may not have read Stanislavsky, he has a great understanding of the basics of acting. He is one of the fortunate people who can have a camera placed in front of their face and whose eyes literally think." Mercurio is now known in Hollywood, but has so far resisted rushing into another film, preferring to establish his own dance group, the Australian Choreographic Ensemble. He is in a position to let the two careers run in parallel.

Adrian Dunbar is another for whom acting is an alternative. He co-wrote with director Peter Chelsom the screenplay of *Hear My Song*, one of the most popular British films of last year. Dunbar also played a leading role, as a shifty nightclub proprietor who is instrumental in arranging the supposed reappearance of the forgotten Irish tenor, Josef Locke. Dunbar was born in Enniskillen,

ROY VOLEKMAN/STYLIA

ANDREW ECCLES/KATZ





Left, Emmanuelle Béart, admired for her looks as well as her acting abilities. Below left, Lothaire Bluteau, who chooses to pursue a career away from Hollywood.



Northern Ireland, and studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, subsequently appearing in small parts in such films as *My Left Foot* and *The Playboys*. Since *Hear My Song* he and Chelsom have been working on the script of a new film, *Sam and the Sergeant*, soon to go into production in Los Angeles, Switzerland and Britain. "I'll play a hugely narcissistic, megalomaniac director," says Dunbar. "It's a dark comedy."

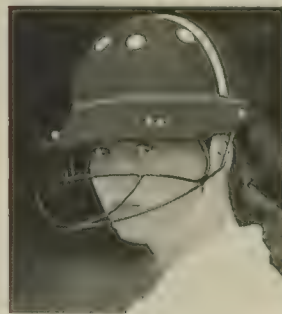
Many Canadians, from Mary Pickford and Mack Sennett onwards, have migrated successfully to Hollywood, shedding their national identity in the process. It has not been so easy for the Quebecois. Lothaire Bluteau is the best-known young French-Canadian actor; he leapt to prominence in the difficult leading role of Denys Arcand's *Jesus of Montreal*. Bluteau has developed a career away from Hollywood; his subsequent films include Bruce Beresford's *Black Robe*, in which he played a tormented Jesuit priest in the Algonquin wilderness of 17th-century Quebec, and Krzysztof Zanussi's *The Silent Touch*, made in Poland and Denmark, in which he appeared as a Polish music student. More recently he has been seen in another European production, Sally Potter's *Orlando*. Bluteau brings a degree of passion and energy to his roles that is almost exhausting to watch, but his talent is extraordinary.

The French actress Emmanuelle Béart made a shot at Hollywood in 1987, appearing in a forgotten failure called *Date with an Angel*, which was dismissed by audiences and critics who at least paid tribute to her extraordinary beauty. Béart is still only 28 and has been in films for 10 years. Her *tour de force* was her ordeal as the nude model in Jacques Rivette's daunting and sober four-hour study of an obsessed artist, *La Belle Noiseuse*. The role required considerable dramatic ability as well as a good body, but she has both. Béart claims that her partner, actor Daniel Auteuil, with whom she appears in Claude Sautet's *Un Coeur en Hiver*, winner of the 1992 Venice Silver Lion, was her most effective acting tutor. It was in *Manon des Sources* that she first became internationally known and played her first scene in the nude. Was it difficult, I once asked her. "At first, yes. Then the director, Claude Berri, took his clothes off and went for a swim. After that I couldn't refuse." □

George Perry is Films Editor of *The Sunday Times*.

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RIDING THE AIR WAVES

The uplift is not merely physical
in the world of paragliding, writes James Bedding.
Photographs by Robert Bösch.



Martin Scheel is hooked. He was once one of Switzerland's top mountaineers, but now he climbs with nothing more substantial than air between him and the ground: he has become a leading paraglider pilot. "It's like dancing in the air, beating gravity," he says. He took up the sport simply as a way of getting down mountains quickly. "Even after five years of flying, that feeling of dancing with the birds in the air—it's fantastic."

Scheel is the subject of many of these bird-like images by the Swiss photographer Robert Bösch. And it is the feeling of flying like a bird that hooked Scheel on to paragliding. Only in the last decade or so has science given pilots a wing that can carry them hundreds of miles, yet is light enough to be carried anywhere. A modern Icarus can pack a paraglider into a rucksack, set off to any country in the world and join eagles and condors thousands of feet above ground.

Paraglider pilots, surrounded by nothing but cubic miles of air, talk of the experience in almost religious terms. "It's

the ultimate freedom," says 23-year-old Robert Whittall, who won the last World Paragliding Championship at Digne, in the south of France, in September, 1991. "There are no signposts in the sky telling you to turn right, turn left, or slow down—just empty air. You are close to nature, not damaging anything, not making any noise, just getting a huge buzz from being in the wild."

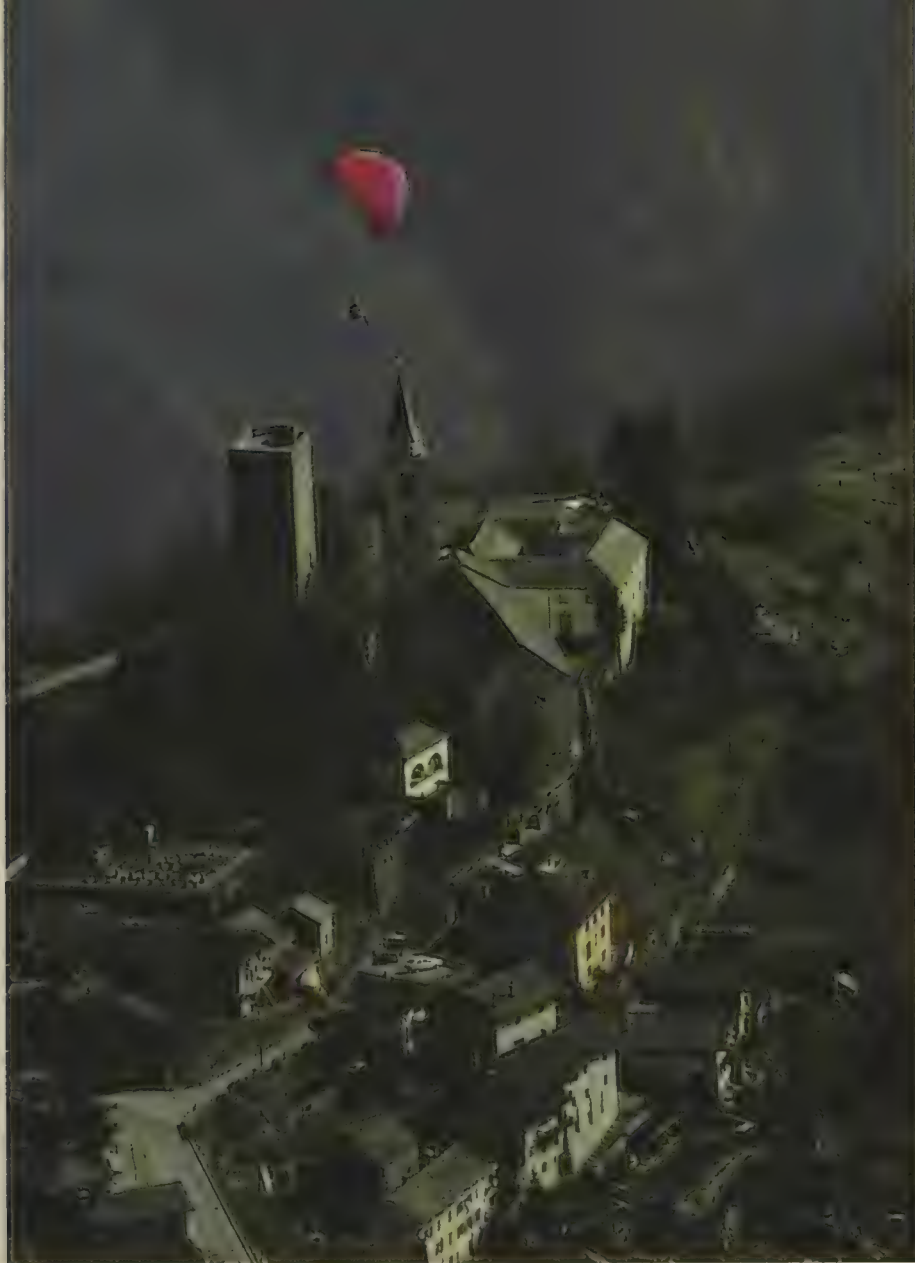
A paraglider is roughly like a parachute with the cross-section of an aircraft wing. On the ground it has none of the elegance of the airborne wing: it looks like a brightly coloured, crumpled plastic bag, tied to hundreds of lengths of cord, a huge and shapeless marionette. The pilot is strapped into a harness that resembles a toddler's swing. When he gives the cords an expert tug, the paraglider rises from the ground and fills with air, carrying him off. Airborne, a group of paragliders looks like a surreal party of children, swinging off multi-coloured slices of aircraft wings, suspended in space.

To take off and gain height, paraglider pilots need uplift. At seaside cliffs, or



Top, preparing for take-off in the mountains of southern Switzerland. Success in this sport depends less on strength than on technique and high-tech equipment. Twenty-four 1.5mm-thick lines attach Martin Scheel, above, to his paraglider; he carries a reserve parachute and a variometer, indicating altitude and rate of descent. Right, Robert Bösch used a fish-eye lens to capture Scheel landing just centimetres above his head on Monte Avena, Italy. Preceding pages, flight into the sunset, near Walensee, Switzerland.





Paragliding is the perfect "green" transport, which disturbs neither the environment nor wildlife. It also offers exhilarating views. Above, Scheel flies over the church of Santa Maria di Calanca, Switzerland.

Above right, "dancing with the birds"; paraglider pilots describe the sensation of sharing cubic miles of air with only the birds in reverent tones of fervour. Martin Scheel was photographed gliding 300 metres above the sea off Toulon, in the south of France. To achieve the picture Robert Bösch stood on a cliff directing the pilot into position several hundred metres away by means of a two-way radio link.

Right, the north face of the Eiger (on left), the Mönch and the Jungfrau face a pilot on a flight from the Lauberhorn. The lift-producing thermals rise even in the winter months.





inland escarpments where the wind is forced upwards by the lie of the land, paragliders fly back and forth like seagulls along a cliff-top. Or they can use thermals, warm currents of rising air. Hitching a lift off a thermal sends them winging up into the sky, like the great gliders of nature, eagles and condors.

"It's a bit like skiing on air," Bruce Goldsmith, a member of the British paragliding team, comments, "only you use your own intellect to 'ski' back up the hill by natural forces. Having thermals all around you is like having ski-lifts all over the hill, only no one knows about them except you; and you know about them because you have been watching the birds. If you see birds climbing, they must be on a thermal, and you go over and join them. They just treat you as another bird."

The sport took off in the Alps in the early 1980s, a hybrid of advancing parachute technology and the sport of hang-gliding. Paragliding has since spread all over the world. Vryburg, in South Africa, is set in a vast, spirit-level-flat plain, and receives day-long sunshine that heats the

ground rapidly, generating strong and steady thermals over a wide area. It was here that the British pilot Judy Leden set the current world women's distance record in December, 1992, doubling the previous record to 128 kilometres, after a tow up to 1,000 feet. Although she had only 20 hours' flying experience of paragliders—it is, after all, a very young sport—she brought with her many years of expertise as a top hang-glider pilot.

"Paragliding is far easier than most women think," she says. "In this sport it is technique that counts, not strength, so women and men can compete on an equal footing." Any reasonably fit person can easily carry 10kg of paraglider and other gear up a hill. Age, too, is no limit: her father took up the sport when he was 59, less than a year after he had suffered a heart attack. Pilots in their 70s are not unusual.

Paragliding can be a way into remote places. "We did a flight over virgin jungle on the island of Réunion, in the Indian Ocean," recalls Bruce Goldsmith. "A helicopter dropped us off on a mountain top, then we flew up against 5,000-foot

verticals, that were somehow covered in sheer, dense jungle. Three hours later we landed in a clearing by a remote village, where the helicopter picked us up. Otherwise it would have been a three-day walk back."

For others the greatest pleasures are closer to home. Robert Whittall's most memorable flight was over England. "It was one of those incredibly clear spring days you get only once every couple of years. We rose up to 8,000 feet over the Yorkshire Dales, so high that we could see both coasts of England."

But the ultimate challenge could come from the birds. Paraglider pilots are looking to mimic their feathered teachers in tackling the world's greatest flights: the migration routes that can stretch half-way around the globe. "Birds follow routes where there are hills and uplifts all the way," says Goldsmith, "and flap their wings only if they really have to. We could follow their routes, with just the odd tow from the ground where the birds flap their wings." For anyone who has yearned to fly like a bird, the dream could hardly be nearer to reality □



FORGET ABOUT BOTANISTS

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NICHOLAS SEROTA: NEW MOVES AT THE TATE

ANNA SOMERS COCKS REPORTS ON A DREAM OF A SEPARATE HOME FOR 20TH-CENTURY ART.

Nicholas Serota, the director since 1998 of Britain's most important collection of 20th-century art, the Tate Gallery, is a thoughtful man who understands that it is important to know the roots of things. "When I went to the Courtauld to do my MA, I was accepted to read early 20th-century art, but then I decided it was probably something I could do on my own, and that what I really ought to study was English and French romantic painting."

He is no doctrinaire, blinkered modernist as some people like to make out. What he definitely is, though, is someone who enjoys art. While at Cambridge, reading economics in the 1960s, he found himself spending more and more time in the Fitzwilliam Museum and Kettles Yard, and going to an increasing number of contemporary art shows in London, so for the second part of his degree course he changed to art history. At that time his professor at Cambridge was the frascible, inspiring and fiercely visual Michael Jaffé, a Rubens expert, who, says Serota, really taught him how to look at art.

Serota's first post was as a regional arts officer and exhibition organiser for the Arts Council, and then he became director of Oxford's small Museum of Modern Art. When he was 30 he took over the Whitechapel Art Gallery in London, which holds no permanent collection but puts on temporary exhibitions. He not only smartened it up and restored its

finances by a highly successful auction of works of art donated by famous artists, but also made the gallery one of the few places in Britain that shows what is going on internationally now.

If you had to single out one talent in Serota it would be for taking the broad view, and his years at the Whitechapel must have helped to develop this skill. Now, as director of the Tate, he is taking a positively Olympian view. He clearly thinks it absurd that, although the 20th century is nearly over, London still has no museum dedicated to 20th-century art, which makes it almost unique among major capital cities.

Some capitals have more than one: in Paris there is the Musée National d'Art Moderne, at the Centre Pompidou, and the Paris-financed Musée d'Art Moderne, in the Palais de Tokyo; New York has the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim and the Whitney, not to mention the contemporary-art section of the Metropolitan. But in London, Rothko and Beuys share premises with Lely, Hogarth, Blake, Turner and Rossetti at the Tate Gallery, which is a museum of modern art combined with the national collection of British art, and while this leads to some potentially interesting cross-overs, it means also that only about a fifth of the collection can be on display at any one time.

As the New York art critic Professor Robert Rosenblum said in a recent survey conducted on this topic by *The Art Newspaper*: "Loving both Augustus Egg and Pablo Picasso and visiting them both



REYNOLDS

for decades under the same roof, I feel sentimental about tearing them asunder for ever. Nevertheless, both logic and practical reality now demand the divorce of such odd couples."

Serota has decided that it is time to put an end to a debate which has been going on since the 1960s about whether and how to split the collections. Last November he announced he was going to divide them into British art up to the present day, which would occupy the whole of the existing Tate building, while international art from 1900 onwards will move to other premises (as yet unchosen, but not too distant from the Tate), with suitable British art moving freely between the two. Francis Bacon might be represented in both, or in only one.

Serota is clearly flying a gigantic kite, in the hope that the sheer ambition of the plan will attract equally magnificent donations. He says that he does not see how an adequate building of 15,000 to 20,000 square metres can be obtained for less than £50 million but, he points out, if a town as small as Maastricht in the Netherlands can build a 20,000-square-metre museum then London, too, ought to be able to manage it. "I think it has to be a building that has real presence and to be a statement as to what can be achieved in a public building in London—most of the city's major new ones have been for private use, with the exception of the Sainsbury Wing at the National Gallery."

He will not be led on which architect he favours, although he does say that there will be some kind of competition, "but how wide it will be is not yet decided". So far Serota has the promise of \$10 million; all he will reveal on that subject is that the money comes from the United States and is for the British Collection. There can also be no doubt that he has been far-sighted enough to get in an early bid for the about-to-be-created National Lottery Fund, which should begin to yield large sums from the end of 1994. For Serota, like his friend, Neil MacGregor, director of London's National Gallery, also in his mid-40s, is a thoroughly political animal. It is partly a matter of background—his mother, Baroness Serota, spoke from the Labour benches of the House of Lords on childcare, crime and other matters—but it is also the result of being in tune with the times. In fact, he is regretful about the need to be so worldly. "Until, I think, the mid-70s people in my position were deeply immersed in intellectual life rather than political, economic and social life. That isn't to say that there weren't and aren't some grand and wonderful exceptions, but for a director it has become increasingly difficult

to live the life of an academic curator."

Serota does his thinking in aeroplanes and maintains his sanity by spending as much time as he is able in the company of artists and art historians. In particular, he is glad that a quarter of the Tate's 12-strong board of trustees are artists. Americans, he says, throw up their hands in horror when they hear this. But he finds the artists very good about dealing with the work of their peers and, above all, at giving the kind of insight about what a museum should be doing.

Fundamentally, he believes that museums are there to inspire by preserving the best of the past and making it available in a way that is exciting and interesting, and here you come to the most remarkable characteristic of his directorship so far—the superb performance of the Tate. For Serota clearly has a finely-tuned aesthetic sense and enjoys being closely involved in how the works of art are presented. He can frequently be seen pacing his

ONLY A FIFTH OF THE TATE'S COLLECTION CAN BE ON DISPLAY AT ONE TIME . . . SO A NEW GALLERY FOR THE CAPITAL IS LOGICAL.

demesne, an austere figure, half lay preacher, half minimalist designer in appearance. Inevitably this habit has riled the occasional curator, but the Tate has benefited from it immensely: the elegance of the presentation and the obvious intelligence of the hang are just outward signs of inward thought. The visitor is made aware that there are clever people behind the scenes.

His first move as director was to get rid of the 1960s partitions and false ceilings in the neo-classical rooms, and to open up the vista down the central stone-clad gallery (designed by the same architect as the National Gallery in Washington) to make a surprisingly adaptable space for sculpture which has since housed Richard Long mud-lines, huge steel blocks by Richard Serra and bronzes by Rodin without incongruity.

Serota's next move—and here his background as director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery has probably influenced him—was to put more works on display, by rotating the collections once a year to try out new juxtapositions so that the story of art is not always being told in the same way. He says: "I felt that the whole display needed to be recast, partly because it was evident to me that, in the long term, the gallery was going to

need additional space and I saw very little hope of persuading people that we were both in need and deserving of that space until we were making better use of the space we already had."

The redisplays had an immediate effect. Visitor figures rose from 1.2 million to 1.5 million in the first year, and by another 300,000 the next year, although in 1992 they fell to 1.57 million, which may suggest that the public no longer felt the need to rush round to see what was new.

The latest new displays opened in February, financed as usual by BP. In a canny move there is great emphasis on the 20th-century British collections, with one room devoted to British figurative painting since the war (Bacon, Freud, Auerbach and so on), and others given over to the sculpture of Barbara Hepworth (until July 2), Carel Weight (until June 22), and Henry Moore and the Figure 1938-52.

To the public, and to the Establishment, the message is: give us another building for the international modern movement and for the first time we shall be able to do justice to British art of the 20th century. For Serota has to reckon with a latent hostility in conservative circles, which include his own civil servant masters in the Department of National Heritage, to the idea of a museum of modern art, an attitude which Americans and Continental Europeans would find astonishing. He is, at least apparently, philosophical about this and about his detractors in the press. "They are generally people who have very little contact with critics, writers, or artists from abroad yet, if they did have, I think they would discover that when those people come to the Tate they are surprised at how much British art we are showing, at the inflection which we give our displays, and that partly as a result there is a growing interest in the achievements of British artists, particularly in the 20th century."

Serota could be wringing his hands over some of his problems: pre-war buildings in need of complete refurbishment, inadequate funds to run the Tate Gallery Liverpool, a purchase vote merged with the Department of National Heritage's running budget, which potentially means no purchase vote at all as the running budget, already too small, is likely to get smaller, and, finally, a new satellite museum scheduled to open in June at St Ives in Cornwall to celebrate the St Ives school. There has been no commitment from the Government to help this last project to prosper, although it would be the only art gallery of any significance in the West Country. But fortune favours the brave, and Serota has given the Tate the feel of success □



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SURVIVING THE SAHARA

The lifestyle of the Tuareg triumphed over inhospitable nature, but politics and war now threaten their future, writes Jeremy Swift. Photographs by Pierre Perrin.





Nearly one and a half million Tuareg nomads live in and around the Sahara of northern Africa, in some of the most hostile inhabited landscapes in the world. Their future is threatened by drought, political repression and civil war. An economy that is well-adapted to an environment nobody else can use has not protected the Tuareg against the 20th century.

The desert itself is as large as the United States without Alaska. However bleak it may seem to strangers, it is not considered particularly daunting by the Tuareg, and small nomad groups have made niches for themselves in habitable corners: in the dried river-beds or wadis of the Ahaggar mountains, on the edges of the dunes, and among the ravines



Livestock is essential to the Tuareg way of life, and constantly on the move. The blue of the men's veil is indigo, left, and the way it is wound gives a clue to the weaver's nomad group. A special festival demands a special make-up, right. The silvery spots on this woman's forehead, nose and cheeks are to suggest hand-drops; powdered earth is used to adorn the main part of the face; lips and eyebrows are then accentuated.







of the sandstone tables of the Ajjer mountains. But most Tuareg live south of the desert, in the Adrar and Aïr mountains and in the plains of northern and central Mali and Niger. Some move around Timbuktu in the valley of the Niger river far from the desert, striking camp according to the rise and fall of the river.

The Tuareg are Berbers, descended from the original inhabitants of north Africa before the Arab invasions of the sixth century. They speak a Berber language, Tamahaq or Tamasheq, which has its own written alphabet (called Tifinagh), still used by a significant number of people. When I studied the Tuareg economy in the 1970s and early 1980s, I found men and women literate enough in Tifinagh to record detailed observations about their everyday life. The Tuareg have a tradition of oral and written poetry, and rock inscriptions in Tifinagh are scattered throughout the Sahara.

Most Tuareg are still nomadic, moving regularly between dry- and wet-season pastures. Three to five families camp together in leather tents, which are dyed reddish brown with an earth pigment, or in movable mat huts. The tents are comfortable inside, with mats or carpets on the ground, and flaps which are raised or lowered according to the time of day. Tuareg camps are inhabited by close relatives and friends, but also by people of different rank in the social hierarchy. Slavery was common until a generation

ago, and in some places slaves have chosen to stay with their former masters because of the lack of an alternative livelihood. Large camps may also have a family of specialist blacksmiths.

People of the Veil is a soubriquet of the Tuareg, but unusually it is the men, not the women, who wear head-cloths. The best are made of 5 yards of indigo-blue cotton, which is wrapped around the head to conceal all but the eyes. The method of winding it is unique to each group living together. Consequently Tuareg can identify male strangers partly by the way their veils are tied. When

Vital to the economy is the trading caravan, sometimes of 400 camels. Among commodities carried is fodder, so camels must be muzzled, above left. Time for a brew-up, below left. When a caravan rests, above, a sizeable township springs up overnight. A nomadic blacksmith, below, with his crafted sword.





The Tuareg believe in evil spirits able to take possession of your soul. In this exorcism ceremony the women, singing to a throbbing drum (not shown), are calling on the spirits to leave their victim.

identity cards with photographs were introduced into the Sahara in the 1970s, frontier police—who were often Tuareg—could not identify their fellow nomads from the pictures, never having seen them unveiled. Consequently the police would cover a face on the photograph with their fingers to try to recreate a recognisable veiled shape.

The Tuareg are livestock specialists,

effectively mixing and managing their herds, with farms or gardens in the Saharan oases and in the south. Camels and goats are adapted to the desert, and cattle, although fragile, are profitable and fare well in the south. Sheep—temperamental and demanding—are extraordinary walkers and, until recently, southern Tuareg annually herded large flocks more than 1,000 kilometres across the Sahara to Ain Salah in Algeria and its thriving oasis markets.

Nature has forced nomadism on the Tuareg. Rainfall is uncertain and pastures scarce, so they have to move their herds to find food. In the long dry season families are anchored to a well, to which the animals must return every day or two. But once the first rains come, the animals are free to wander widely for a few months, regaining the weight lost in the dry season. And as the herds roam so do the families.

From November to February, the temperature falls briefly, so this is the time to sell animals or barter them for the millet or sorghum that are now the mainstay of the Tuareg diet. It is also the time for long-distance camel caravans, especially those taking salt from the Saharan mines at Bilma and Taodenni to the markets

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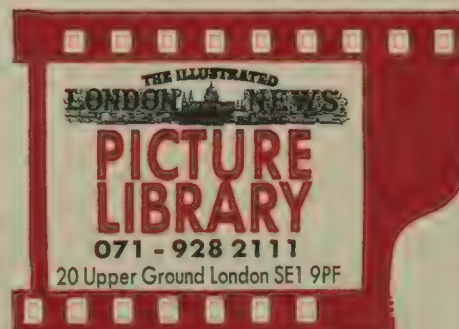
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Photography David Scherzmann



An uncanny harmony exists between the Tuareg and their animals. Only women name the goats—it is an important task: tribes believe that a goat responds to its name only if it is well chosen. A man can track and find his missing camel by distinguishing its footprints from perhaps several hundred others in the desert sands.

of the south. Caravan traders are away from their families for several months.

Until the first decade of this century the Tuareg were the dominant political power in and around the Sahara. French conquest reduced their status, but they continued to control their own affairs until their world was broken up into half a dozen newly-independent countries around 1960. Nomadic wanderings were curtailed and the people were marginalised from the new politics as dangerous and primitive minorities. Additionally, since 1969 they have suffered from a series of droughts, and devastating famines in 1973 and 1984.

The consequent poverty has forced many Tuareg to diversify their economy and now families may split, with some of their number growing a risky millet crop, while others accompany the animals on their seasonal search for grazing and water. The farming members have given up the nomadic life and dwell in mud-brick houses.

Another trend is for young Tuareg men to make long journeys to Libya, Algeria or Nigeria in search of salaried jobs. In northern Nigeria they are valued as night-watchmen because of their reputation for bravery. Those who stay behind increasingly become either herders for rich townspeople or state servants.

In the late 1980s fighting broke out in Mali and Niger. Small bands of armed Tuareg attacked the armies of both countries resulting in vengeful atrocities against Tuareg civilians, especially women, children and old people. Yet the fighting helped to bring down the military rulers in both countries. At present there is a delicate truce, with new civilian governments attempting to negotiate a reasonable future. But it may be too late for the nomads' livestock economy, as young Tuareg conclude that the hard life of the desert is no longer attractive, and lose the discipline and skills that made it possible □



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PAINT YOUR WAGON

THE TRADITIONAL CRAFT OF REPAIRING AND PAINTING GIPSY LIVING-WAGONS IS BEING KEPT ALIVE IN A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE. TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONY SOUTER.

The sleepy Hampshire village of Selborne is home to Stretton Peter Ingram, an affable, gentle man in his 50s, blessed with old-world charm, who has become something of a local celebrity. One of the few remaining craftsmen working on the repair and restoration of old Romany wagons, he has been plying his skill around the country for some 30 years.

In 1975, after a colourful life on the road in horse-drawn wagons, he found himself in Selborne with a commission to paint a gypsy wagon for a local collector. He had no plans to settle, but as the work kept coming he took over a disused undertaker's yard and set up shop. Since then he has devoted his energies to keeping other gypsy wagons on the road.

Although his gypsy father had all but abandoned the itinerant life-style and settled in Worcestershire, near the Welsh border, Peter Ingram was brought up in the old traditions. "Travel has been in the blood since I was a teenager," he recalls, "when I bought an old 'bow-top' wagon for the heady sum of £8 10s."

After a five-year apprenticeship which gave him a useful range of skills, he worked for a while restoring gypsy wagons in a museum before beginning a career as a travelling craftsman, adding to his knowledge as he moved around. Once established in Selborne he found that people were interested in what he was doing and eager to see and hear about the gaily-painted vans that passed through his workshop. So he set up the Romany Folklore Museum in a couple of outbuildings, where visitors could learn about Romany life on the road, while he continued the renovations next door.

Gypsies are believed to have originated more than 900 years ago in north-west India (the Romany language contains



A bow-top wagon destined for a private collection, newly decorated by Peter Ingram.

words that bear a distinct similarity to Sanskrit) and appear to have arrived in Scotland and the north of England during the 16th century. The rumour that they were of Egyptian descent led to their being known as "gyptians", a name later corrupted into gypsies. Early Romanies were a wild bunch who travelled the country in small family bands. Although they almost invariably met with hostility and suspicion they survived, and many gypsy families are proud of their heritage and independence.

The old custom of burning a Romany's van when the owner died means that few have survived. Peter Ingram doubts whether there are more than a dozen still permanently on the road, and reckons to know where most of them are to be found

at particular times of year. Working on a genuine travellers' wagon is a rare privilege these days—most of the vans he restores are destined for museums and private collections.

The horse-drawn Romany *vardo*, the living-wagon or van, was developed in Britain around the 1800s when gypsies adapted the extravagant decorative styles favoured by travelling show-people. Previously they had slept in tents, barns or lodging-houses. New *vardos* were expensive even then, a richly adorned living-wagon costing about the same as a modest house. Five main types were popular among British gypsies: the Reading, the Leeds, the Ledge, the Burton or Showman's and the now rare Fen or Brush wagon. The bodies were hand-built and it says much about the skill of the craftsmen that some of these wagons are still in existence.

The Reading takes its name from the Berkshire town where the Dunton family plied their trade as coach-builders, and where gypsies often used to spend the winter. These wagons are straight-sided, about 10 to 11 feet in length and 6 feet wide, with their wheels positioned outside the line of the body. The many variations on this design, some highly ornate, were largely dependent on the depth of the purchaser's pocket. Its success was such that the Reading style of wagon was built all over the country, particularly fine examples being made by a firm in Derbyshire. Although undeniably handsome, Reading vans tended to be heavy, which made them hard on horses and thus best suited to flat countryside.

The Leeds, sometimes known as the "bow" or "barrel-top" from the shape of its roof, also took its name from the home town of its foremost builder—in this case Bill Wright, who was known for other styles as well. Leeds wagons were made



elsewhere, but most of the best craftsmen were in Yorkshire. Peter Ingram recollects: "The Leeds vans were very popular with travellers because they were relatively light, easy on the horse and simple to maintain."

The Ledge, the most common type, was made by the majority of recognised wagon-builders. In construction it is a hybrid, having a roof similar to that of the Reading but with a body that

widened out just above the wheel-line, giving an inverted "ledge" appearance. Peter Ingram considers those with a Bill Wright lineage to be "the Rolls-Royces of vans—beautifully made and of real quality". Sadly, there are only three original examples left.

The Showman's or Burton wagon, used on smooth roads rather than rutted cart-tracks, is straight-sided like the Reading but the wheels are positioned

Peter Ingram, above, has devoted his energies to keeping gypsy wagons on the road.

Below, from left, interior of a 1906 Bill Wright Ledge van (one of only three in existence), showing the bed-place across the rear and angel lamp on the wall. The original nickel-plated "Hostess" range used for cooking and heating in the Bill Wright van. Gold leaf and crushed velvet are predominant in the interior of a 1918 Leeds bow-top wagon built by Hurst Brothers.





under the body instead of outside it, giving more floor space indoors. Other differences include a front door that opens inwards rather than outwards and an overall richness of decoration.

The Fen or Brush type was used by gypsies trading in brushes, baskets, pots and pans, and other knock-knacks picked up on their travels. It was fitted with external racks and boxes for displaying the wares. Few remain, but Ingram cherishes his own almost complete example—the future subject of loving restoration, “when I get the time”.

These living-wagons are one-roomed houses on wheels. Outside, at the rear is a rack for household items and beneath the chassis a locker, known as the pan-box, which serves as both larder and kitchen cupboard. Inside, along one wall are a cupboard, a locker seat and a miniature cast-iron coal stove that vents through a pipe chimney in the roof. On the opposite wall are a corner cupboard for china, a chest of drawers to hold the family linen, and often another locker. The whole of the back is taken up by a two-berth bunk-bed arrangement, complete with traditional feather mattress. The decoration of these usually spotless interiors—sources of great pride and status to their owners—is often extremely ornate.

Complete restoration of a living-wagon can take up to a year and involves Peter Ingram practising the skills of carpenter, metalworker, coach-builder, painter and wheelwright. Rotten wood is cut out and replaced (softwood for lightness and well-seasoned ash for strength), wheels invariably need to be rebuilt and re-tired, and springs reconditioned or replaced. Any broken carvings and detail work must be removed and the original designs copied on to new wood. Traditionally, most of

the work is done by hand. “I do have the odd power-tool lying about,” he admits, “but old-fashioned handtools see me through most of the time.” Old paint has to be scraped back to bare wood before the careful application of primers, undercoats, gloss and varnish that will protect the van from the ravages of the weather. “The old lead-based paints were the best,” rucs the craftsman when describing the background colours of maroon and green traditionally used for the body, and the yellow of the chassis and undersides.

For the final decorative flourishes of scrollwork, shading and highlighting and the application of gold-leaf that characterise his work, he is indebted to Jim Berry and Tommy Gaskin, the north-country van painters who took him on as a fledgling apprentice and taught him what they knew. “I have based my style on Jim Berry’s painting. He used to encourage me and I have always loved his work. I try to emulate his free, sweeping flow of the brush—some people use stencils but freehand is the only way.”

The interiors are refurbished in their original Victorian styles with plush velvet, satin, lace frills, engraved mirrors and paraffin wall lamps. The sides usually feature shiny mahogany panelling, and ceilings are decorated with painted flowers or scrolling. Burnished iron stoves nestle beneath ornate mantelpieces in niches lined with enamelled tin painted to look like ceramic tiles.

It is a labour of love. “People think you get rich doing this, but if I charged a proper rate for the job customers would never be able to afford it,” reflects the craftsman. The fact that £2,000-worth of 23-carat gold leaf goes on to a Ledge wagon and that a more intricate Reading van could easily consume £5,000-worth



of the precious material gives some idea of the total cost of restoration.

Although content in his work, Ingram still finds that the open road beckons him from time to time. Over the years he has travelled every shire in the land and has visited Ireland seven times. He has been as far afield as Hungary and Spain and recently fulfilled a long-held ambition to trek through the wilds of Canada: “There is so much room there,” he says wistfully.

Over the dying embers of an open fire



outside Peter Ingram’s home the cast-iron pots hang from a metal hook—he likes to cook in the open air when the weather permits. There is talk of more travel, of another visit to Canada, or a spell back on the road for a spiritual recharge. Old habits die hard □

Romany Folklore Museum and Workshop, Limes End Yard, High Street, Selborne, near Alton, Hampshire, is open most days, but telephone first, on 0420 50486.



Top, from left, detail of the side of a Bill Wright Ledge van showing the ornate window-board, shutters and, above the right-hand wheel, the spindle “halter cage” used for storing the horse’s tack. The grapes, finished in 23½ carat gold leaf, are a typical decoration on a bow-top wagon. The door panel of this Ledge van sports the prancing horse trademark of renowned wagon-builder Bill Wright. Corner carving in heavy relief on a Showman’s wagon built in 1920 by Varney of Belper. The door of a newly constructed bow-top van finished with elaborate lining-out and intricate gold-leaf work.

Below left, one of the few travellers remaining faithful to traditional horse-power surveys his winter quarters on common land near Alresford, in Hampshire. Below, the open-air life still has its appeal, despite the hardships.

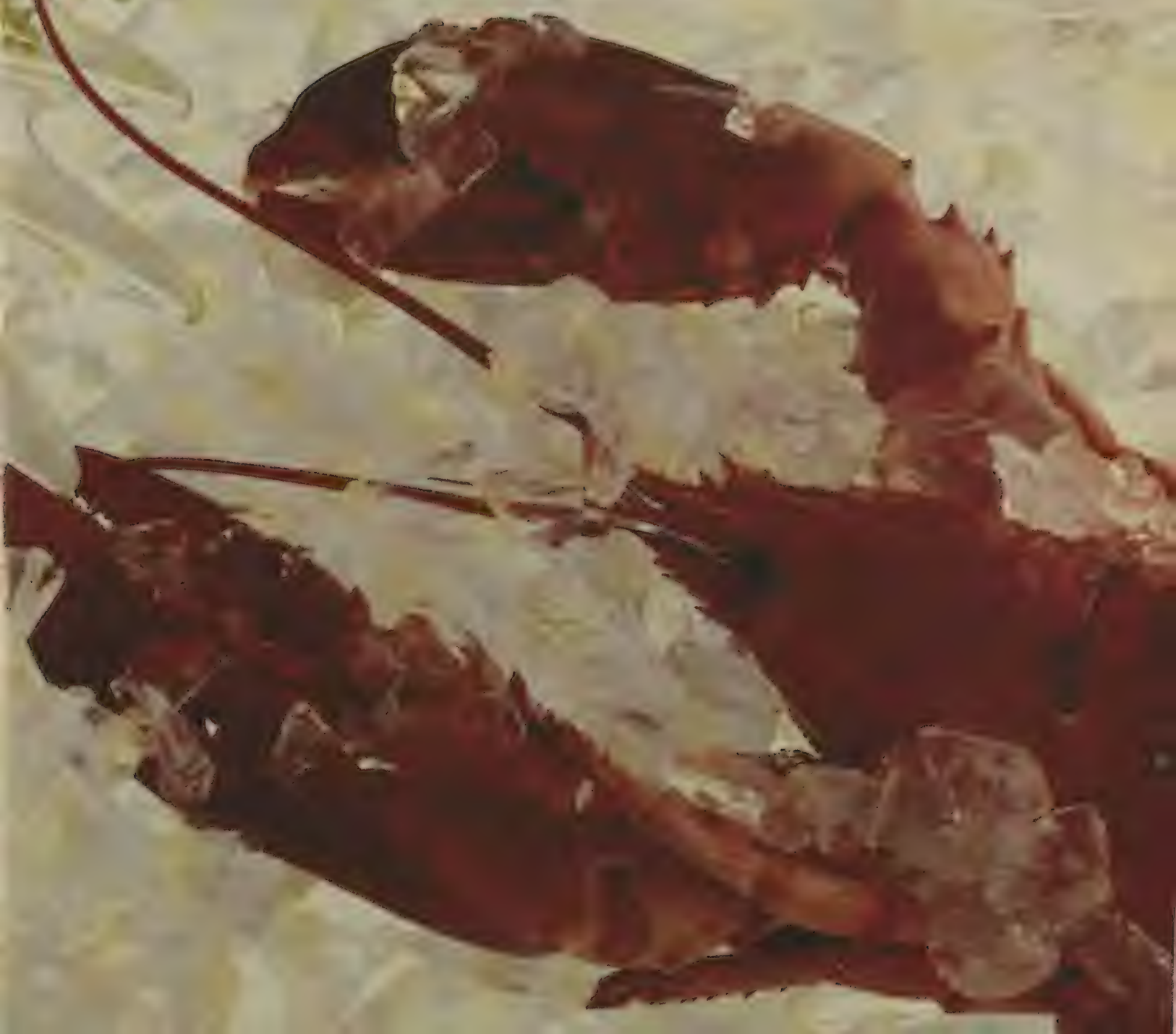




*CHILLED LOBSTER SALAD
WITH TOMATO CRUSH*

SUMMER ICE

Polly Tyrer suggests ways
to lower the heat when the temperature soars.
Photographs by Roger Stowell.



There is nothing like a glimpse of something frozen, frosted, or simply chilled to quench thirst and appetite on a scorching summer day. The craving is for food with flavour that is enhanced, not dulled, by low temperatures and that can diffuse the heat of a hot day's work or of a lazy session grilling on the beach.

Only the lightest of ingredients will satisfy any fish, particularly shellfish; food with a high water-content like cucumber, radish, salad leaves, melon and exotic fruits. A refreshing quality is the most important: flavour can be added.

Among lettuces, iceberg is often sadly bland, but on a hot day its crisp, watery texture can be ideal, spiced up with a handful of herbs or enlivened by a substantial gazpacho dressing. Oysters and other seafood chill happily on a bed of crushed ice, as do wedges of ripe fruit. Members of the citrus family are particularly refreshing. Try using small slices or juice of pink grapefruit in place of the ubiquitous lemon in drinks, dressings and decorations. Limes are both sharp and fragrant: lighten up a natural yoghurt by adding lime juice and grated rind and then use it as a dressing or for dipping fruit. Melon contains enough natural sugar to prevent it from freezing solid. Scoop the flesh into balls and chill in the freezer for iced *petits fours*.

Sorbets and ices are natural choices, of

course, particularly the fresh, fruity versions from northern Italy which are a compromise between sorbet and ice-cream. Although excellent ready-made ices can now be bought, it is difficult to beat the home-made variety.

Ice-cream is easily made by combining cream, eggs and various flavours—only the freezing requires a little more care. The longer a food takes to freeze the larger are the ice crystals that form in it, disrupting the texture. It is therefore necessary to beat ices during freezing, breaking down the crystals and incorporating air, and the more this is done, the smoother the final texture will be. The beating can be carried out with a fork, an electric mixer or with an ice-cream maker which chills and beats at the same time. Home-made ice-creams should be allowed to thaw for about 20 minutes before serving. The use of whipped cream makes it easy to produce a smooth, soft texture. The health-conscious can use half yoghurt and half cream or freeze yoghurt with fruit purée.

Sorbets can be a little more tricky as just the right balance of sugar, alcohol and fruit purée is needed. Both sugar and alcohol inhibit freezing, but too little of either will give a tasteless, icy result. Sometimes whisked egg white is added to incorporate air and produce a smoother consistency. The strawberry daiquiri ice is the simplest and most foolproof method I have found of producing an

impressive iced dessert. Although not strictly a sorbet, the mixture of pure fruit and alcohol freezes to a perfect spooning consistency and can be used straight from the freezer.

Traditionally, sorbets are served as a palate-cleansing “in-between” course during grand meals. Since *nouvelle cuisine* practitioners took to shaping these ices into elongated quenelle shapes and accompanying them with swirls of fruit *coulis*, *crème anglaise* and fresh fruit they have gained status as desserts. Sorbets should be eaten within a day or two of being made as colour, flavour and texture quickly deteriorate.

Most sought-after on hot days are long, cooling drinks served in frosted glasses straight from the refrigerator. “Cooler” combinations are many, but the simple ones are generally the best: crushed ice and fruit juice topped up with fizzy water; equal measures of lager and fizzy lemonade with a dash of grenadine; soft fruit or berries whizzed together with ice-cubes, topped up with soda or yoghurt and milk. Iced espresso can be made using good, strong coffee and pouring a small amount over a glass filled with ice-cubes. Drunk black it is most refreshing, but milk can be added for a *cappuccino* style. Try a combination of dessert and drink. Ripe peaches, nectarines or apricots, peeled, popped into a wide, chilled glass and topped up with very cold sparkling Saumur wine. Cool down and relax...



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1½ fl oz/40ml tequila (ideally equal parts of José Cuervo White Tag, Gold and 1800)
¼ fl oz/7ml Cointreau
¼ fl oz/7ml Rose's Lime Juice
2½ fl oz/75ml fresh lemon juice
5½ fl oz/160ml fresh lime juice
ice-cubes

For the decoration
salt
a wedge of lime

Combine all the ingredients and shake them together three times with ice, or blend very briefly in an electric liquidiser.

For a really traditional finish, moisten the rim of a glass with a sliver of lime and then dip in salt to decorate. Carefully pour in the Margarita and serve with a wedge of lime.

Serves one.

SINGAPORE SLING

The real thing, straight from Raffles Hotel. The only missing ingredient is the unique atmosphere of the legendary Long Bar.

1 fl oz/25ml gin
½ fl oz/12ml cherry brandy
½ fl oz/12ml mixed fruit juices (lime or lemon, orange and pineapple)
a few drops Cointreau
a few drops Benedictine
a dash of Angostura bitters
ice-cubes

For the decoration
1 glacé cherry
1 slice pineapple

Shake ingredients together with ice in a cocktail shaker, pour into a glass and decorate with cherry and pineapple.

Serves one.

CAIPIRINHA COCKTAIL

A potent drink recipe from João Carlos Pollak, bartender at the grand Hotel Copacabana Palace in Rio de Janeiro.

1½ fl oz/40ml cachaca (sugar-cane liqueur) or white rum or vodka
½ lemon, diced and pulped
2 tbsp sugar
ice-cubes

Crush lemon and sugar together to extract maximum flavour. Fill a tall glass with ice, stir in the lemon pieces and pour the spirit over the top.

Serves one.



ICED COCKTAILS : MARGARITA, SINGAPORE SLING AND CAIPIRINHA COCKTAIL.

ICED ALMOND SOUP

2 slices stale white bread, crusts removed
1pt/575ml iced water
2 cloves garlic, peeled and finely chopped
4oz/100g ground almonds
2 tbsp olive oil
1 tbsp white wine vinegar
1 tbsp fresh lemon juice
salt

For the decoration

torn leaves of lemon balm

Soak the bread in the water and squeeze dry. Blend bread, garlic and a little of the water in a food-processor until smooth. Add the ground almonds. Continue to process and dribble on oil, vinegar, lemon juice and the remaining water in a steady stream. The mixture should be very smooth and the consistency of double cream. Season with salt. Chill. Present in individual bowls, and decorate with lemon balm.

Serves four.

AVOCADO PEAR WITH SMOKED

SALMON SORBET
4oz/100g smoked salmon
4 tbsp fromage frais
1 tsp horseradish sauce
salt and ground black pepper
lemon juice
2 ripe avocado pears
1 small jar salmon roe

Make the sorbet the day before. Put the smoked salmon, *fromage frais* and horseradish into a food-processor and blend until smooth. Season with salt, ground black pepper and plenty of lemon juice. Freeze, beating several times until firm.

Remove from the freezer 20 minutes before serving. Cut the avocados in half, take out the stones and, holding them cut side down on a flat surface, remove the peel. Brush with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Slice lengthways and arrange each half on its flat side on an individual serving-plate so that the layers

fan out, still overlapping elegantly. Put two scoops of the sorbet beside the avocado and top each scoop with a small pile of salmon roe. Serve immediately.

Serves four.

GAZPACHO DRESSING

1 clove garlic, peeled and chopped
¼ cucumber, peeled and diced
½ green chili, de-seeded and sliced
¼ red pepper
1 spring onion, cleaned and chopped
dash of tomato purée
¼ pt/150ml olive oil
1 tbsp balsamic vinegar
1 tbsp lemon juice
a good tsp fresh marjoram or oregano
salt and ground black pepper

Whiz all the ingredients together in a food-processor and season well with salt and ground black pepper. Store in a jar. Chill thoroughly and shake before using to accompany iceberg lettuce or another crisp salad.

LOBSTER WITH TOMATO CRUSH

4 x 1lb/450g lobsters, cooked

For the tomato crush

4 fresh, preferably plum, tomatoes
a little olive oil
¼ pt/150ml passata (puréed tomatoes), or tomato juice
2 bay leaves
12 basil leaves
2 tsp tomato purée
Worcester sauce
Tabasco
lemon juice
salt and ground black pepper

For the dressing

1 tbsp olive oil
1 tsp white wine vinegar
salt, pepper, lemon juice and Dijon mustard to season
For serving
4 handfuls shredded iceberg lettuce
1 handful of rocket or lambs' lettuce leaves
1 punnet of cherry tomatoes
sprigs of fresh basil

Make the tomato crush a day in advance. Set the oven to 200°C/400°F/gas mark 6. Brush the fresh tomatoes with a little olive oil and roast in the oven for 30 minutes. Cool and remove the skin.

Put the passata, bay leaves and basil leaves into a saucepan, bring the liquid to the boil and simmer gently for five minutes. Cool, remove the bay leaf and liquidise together with the fresh tomatoes. Sieve. Add the tomato purée and season with Worcester sauce, Tabasco, lemon juice and salt and ground black pepper. The mixture should be highly

seasoned and spicy. Freeze, beating with a fork only twice during the process to produce a grainy texture.

Cut off the head of each lobster taking care to extract with it the stomach sac and threadlike intestine. Remove the body meat from the jointed shell, and cut it into large slices. Twist off the claws and crack them, leaving the shell on.

Make a dressing by mixing together the oil, vinegar and seasonings. Put the lettuce leaves into a bowl and toss gently to coat the leaves. Arrange the salad on four plates. Put the slices of lobster meat on top in a neat, overlapping row. Decorate with the claws, the cherry tomatoes and a large spoonful of tomato crush topped with a sprig of basil. Serve straight away.

Serves four.

CHILLED CHICKEN, MANGO AND MELON SALAD

*1 medium roasting chicken flavoured (bay leaf, 6 black peppercorns, sprigs of parsley, 1 slice lemon, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 stick of celery, sprig of fresh thyme)
8oz/225g fresh tagliatelle
2 tbsp ground-nut oil
1 small oignon, galia or charentais melon*

*1 ripe mango
1 bunch spring onions*

For the dressing

*¼ pt/150ml ground-nut oil
1½ tbsp white wine vinegar
1 tsp runny honey
1 tbsp tahini (sesame-seed paste)
salt, ground black pepper and lime juice*

Rinse the chicken and place it in a pan of simmering water enough to cover. Add the flavourings. Cover and cook gently for 1½ hours. The chicken is cooked when the juice runs clear on piercing the thigh with a knife. Remove the chicken from the stock and cool. Reserve the stock. Strip the chicken meat from the carcass keeping the pieces as whole as possible. Skin the meat, cut it into bite-sized chunks, cover and chill.

Cook the tagliatelle in the chicken stock for about 3 minutes. Drain, rinse with cold water and drain well again. Toss the pasta in the 2 tablespoons of oil and season with salt and plenty of ground black pepper.

Peel the melon and mango and cut into chunks the same size as the pieces of chicken. Cover and chill. Clean the spring onions, cut them into fine shreds and place in iced water to make them curl. Whisk all the dressing ingredients

together and season with salt, black pepper and a little lime juice.

To serve, drain the spring onions well and mix with the tagliatelle. Place a portion of this over the base of four individual dinner-plates. Toss the chicken pieces with the melon, mango and dressing. Pile on top of the pasta.

Serves four.

FROZEN LEMON AND LIME MERINGUE

For the filling

*2 limes
1 lemon, grated rind and juice
2oz/50g butter
6oz/175g caster sugar
4 egg yolks*

½ pt/275ml double cream

For the meringue

*4 egg whites
8oz/225g caster sugar*

Make this the day before and assemble on the day of eating. To

make the filling, remove strips of rind from one lime with a potato peeler, taking care not to remove any pith, and cut into very fine shreds. Plunge them into boiling water and then into cold. Pat dry and keep in an airtight container to use for decoration.

Grate the rind of the remaining lime and squeeze the juice from both limes. Put together in a heavy-based pan with the lemon rind and juice, butter, sugar and egg yolks. Stir over a low heat until the mixture thickens enough to coat the back of a wooden spoon. Cool then cover and chill. Whip the cream until it forms soft peaks. Fold in the lemon and lime curd mixture. Freeze, whisking with a fork every hour until the mixture is frozen.

To make the meringue, heat the oven to 140°C/275°F/gas mark 1. Cover two baking sheets with silicone paper. Draw an 8-inch/20-centimetre circle on each one. Beat the egg whites

until stiff. Add half the sugar and continue to beat until very stiff and shiny. Fold in the remaining sugar. Place spoonfuls of this meringue around the inner edge of the circles. The spoonfuls should touch each other, forming a meringue ring. Spread the remaining mixture to fill the other circle.

Dry the meringues in the oven for about three hours. They are done when light and dry and when the paper peels off easily. Store in an airtight tin.

About an hour before serving spoon the lime and lemon filling over the meringue base and set the meringue ring on top. Return the dessert to the freezer for up to one hour. Sprinkle the lime shreds over the filling just before serving.

Serves six.

STRAWBERRY DAQUIRI ICE

*8oz/225g ripe strawberries
2oz/50g caster sugar
juice of 1 lime
3 tbsp white rum*

For serving

*extra white rum
wedges of fresh fruit*

Start a day ahead. Clean, hull and slice the strawberries. Put them into a dish and sprinkle over the sugar, lime juice and rum. Cover, refrigerate and leave to macerate for about four hours or overnight.

Pour into a food-processor and blend until very smooth. Freeze, beating every hour until the ice becomes firm.

To serve, scoop the mixture into glasses. Pour a dash of rum over the top and hand the fresh fruit around separately.

Serves four.

REDCURRANT SNOW

*8oz/225g redcurrants, de-stalked
½ pt/150ml double cream
¼ pt/150ml plain Greek yoghurt
2oz/50g caster sugar*

*1 egg white
2 tsp mint, finely-chopped*

For the decoration

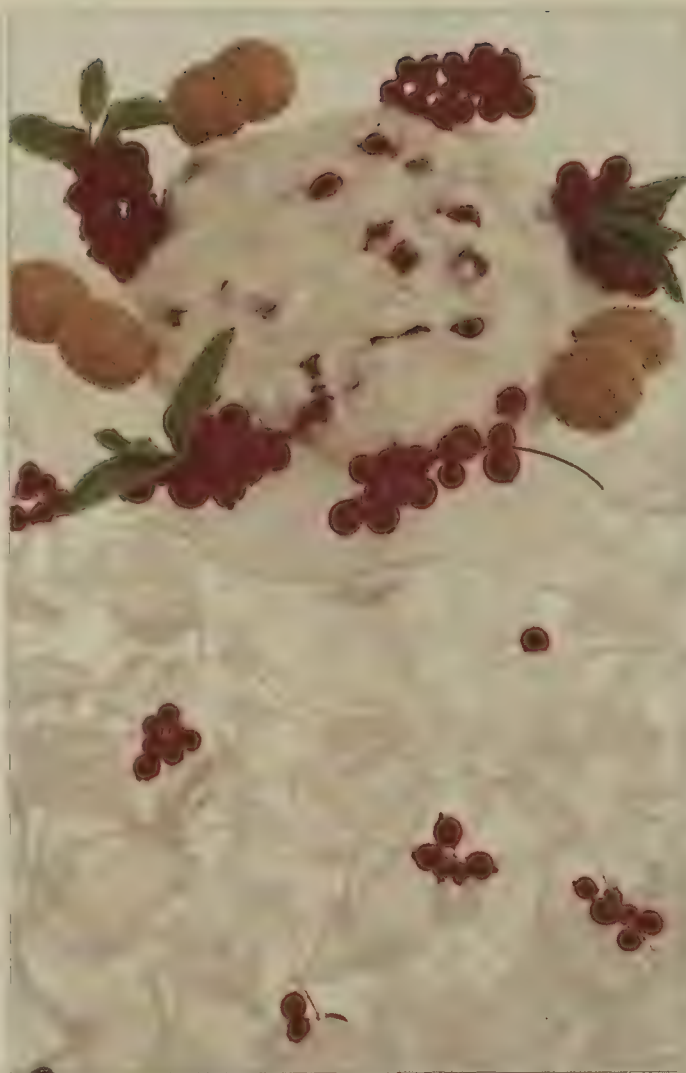
sprigs of redcurrants and mint

Wash and drain the redcurrants well. Whip the cream until stiff and fold in the yoghurt and sugar.

Beat the egg white, until it forms soft peaks. Gently fold into the cream mixture with the redcurrants and the chopped mint and chill in the refrigerator for about 30 minutes.

Serve in tall goblets, each one topped with sprigs of mint and redcurrants.

Serves four □



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VIVRE," SAYS
BELLOTTI'S FRIEND
THE COUTURIER
EMANUEL UNGARO.

FABIO'S FABULOUS FABRICS

Jane Mulvagh assesses the influence on fashion of the ebullient Italian textile designer Fabio Bellotti.

A jacket of riotously patterned silk appears before the audience. Applause rings out in admiration for its use of four contrasting prints: on the body, the lining, the trim and revers. At the end of the fashion show couturier Emanuel Ungaro appears to take his bow. But this top designer would be the first to acknowledge the contribution of Italian fabric

designer Fabio Bellotti to his very considerable success.

Bellotti, of Rainbow Silks, is one of the most important textile designers in fashion today and, in addition to Ungaro, leading fashion lights such as Christian Lacroix, Chanel and R. Gigli regard him not merely as a supplier but as a collaborator in the creative process. This joyous,

MANOUTRAM



ebullient and daring artist has encouraged many a couturier to play with bold, vibrant colour and geometric patterns.

Textile designers have long been the unsung heroes of fashion. Not only do they inspire designers—for without fabric there can be no fashion—but they can single-handedly provoke a change in the silhouette.

Take Zika Ascher, for example. His introduction of mohair to couture in 1957 changed the shape of clothing from the umbrella-thin silhouette, cut close to the body, to the “Big Look”, typified by mohair car coats and baggy suits. Ascher’s persistence and creative reputation enabled him to override couturiers’ reticence. When Balenciaga first saw the loosely-woven mohair he dismissed it as impossible to tailor, but Ascher persuaded the maestro to try. “If I can make a buttonhole in this I will order it,” he agreed. He succeeded and the Big Look was born.

Similarly, without the Italian fabric designer Nattier, couturiers Courrèges and Ungaro would not have made the cardboard-like, space-age suits of the mid-1960s. Nattier’s triple gabardine—a densely-woven, rigid wool—afforded the couturiers the means to construct this lunar look.

Today Fabio Bellotti inspires through colour and print, rather than construction and texture. This is the man who brought Pop Art to dress fabrics. For years he has been a collector of Pop and contemporary art; he owns paintings by Andy Warhol, Keith Haring, Donald Baechler, Giulio Paolini, Vincenzo Agnetti and Rainer Fetting. He and his wife, the former model and Condé Nast

Ungaro claims that his identity was established when for the first time he mixed four prints, thanks partly to Bellotti.



PHILIPPE BRAVIN

journalist Daniela Morera, cut a dashing swathe through fashion’s inner circle. Besuited Bellotti teams businesslike attire with a shock of Einstein-like white hair flowing back from wide, tanned temples. His hurried gait, boyish enthusiasm and guffaws of laughter, delivered from behind a cloud of cigar smoke, are well-known in most ateliers. Daniela, invariably dressed in featherlight layers of pleated Miyake and tiny John Lennon sunglasses, is more closely connected to the creative scene bubbling up from the streets than many women half her age.

Emanuel Ungaro says of his friend

Bellotti’s contribution to his style: “Fabio gives life, colour, emotion and joie de vivre. He’s modern, full of life, very Italian.” Ungaro first met Bellotti on Lake Como in 1966 when Bellotti was bombing around the lake in his Austin Healey, acting as fabric consultant to Mantero and other print companies. The couturier recalls, picturesquely, that “we immediately had a seduction for each other—and a shared interest and passion for art”.

Through the late 60s Ungaro’s collections were basically an abbreviated version of his teacher Balenciaga’s style: short, severe, monochrome tailoring associated with space-age dress. It was not until 1970 that he found his own hand and it was thanks, partly, to Bellotti. “My identity came when, for the first time, I mixed four prints. And though it was killed by the press, I carried on. If I had listened to them, I would have stopped and would not have found my way, my contribution.” Since that day Ungaro’s house style of colour on colour, print against print, has evolved, aided by Bellotti’s Rainbow Silks.

Bellotti’s client list reads like a roll-call of the top 10 fashion houses in the world: Karl Lagerfeld, Lacroix, Armani, Chanel, Krizia, Valentino and so on. Observing him during the recent fashion collections in Paris it was easy to appreciate his widespread, yet unrecorded, influence. Backstage the designers, even while basking in glory and besieged by fans, went out of their way to greet Bellotti, such is their enthusiasm and respect for him.

Born into a creative environment, Bellotti lost his father—an architect and futurist painter—when he was only five years old, so his uncle, who owned a silk mill and specialised in printed scarves, became his mentor. Young Bellotti’s boisterous, experimental nature has been evident throughout his life. By the age of 20 he had gambled away his inheritance on the horses and was eventually reined in by his uncle, who suggested he learnt the trade.

For the next 10 years Bellotti acted as a design consultant for many fabric houses (Bellotti, Mantero and Falconetta, who



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made Ken Scott's famous prints) and for the Italian designers Walter Albini and Valentino, and others in America and Germany. He was the designer behind the launch of the "Valentino Piu" range of interior design textiles and developed the line for two years.

But then Daniela stepped in and changed Bellotti's life. After becoming his wife she could see, she recalls, that "he was constantly frustrated. He would present a beautiful design and the company would change it. He was very disappointed. He's a perfectionist, a Virgo, so I said to him, 'Why do you lose your talent like that? You are wasting all your energy.'" Bellotti admits that acting as a consultant "was very good for the money but I was depressed in my work". And so, persuaded by the determined and nurturing Daniela, Fabio set up his own company in 1975. But what was he going to call it?

Since the late 60s he had been collecting American and European Pop Art. "Daniela and I were in Hawaii and we kept seeing the most fantastic rainbows. From Hawaii we travelled to LA and went to The Rainbow, the famous restaurant on Sunset Boulevard where all the rock stars used to eat. As I was fascinated by Pop Art and this was a symbol of that movement and it represented my fascination with colour, it became the name of my company."

Bellotti embraces not only the art but also the technology of the contemporary world. "Today we need to use technology to lower prices, especially in Italy, because of the labour costs; and even electricity, for example, costs 30 per cent more than in France." His use of



advanced technology in computer graphics has enabled him to develop endless permutations of colour and pattern. "For example," he explains, "if a customer comes to us and looks at a pattern and wants to change it, we can do it then and there on the computer. Bigger flowers, a different green, less pink... whatever. In the old days he would have had to come back a week later. Now, it comes out printed on paper, immediately!"

He has high hopes for the next technological breakthrough, pioneered by the

Japanese and the Dutch, whereby pattern options can be printed out immediately on fabric. He vigorously defends the role of new technology in creativity, emphasising that the computer cannot create beauty by itself.

Bellotti is one of the few people with whom Issey Miyake has collaborated outside his studio. They have known each other for 20 years and their successes include the reproduction of Yokoo Tadanori's complicated paintings onto silk. Another great feat for the Australian designer Jenny Kee was to print silks that evoked the multicoloured and changing hues of an opal. The commercial arm of Rainbow Silks supplies Escada, Next and Laura Ashley. For the latter, in a single season, they supplied 160,000 metres of one pattern alone.

Partly because textile designers are given so little credit, but also because he underplays his public image, Bellotti is unknown outside the small coterie of high fashion. "I don't want to be a front man—I don't care about myself. I like to be an industrialist and not a star." He adds that it is very difficult to find fashion designers who really understand fabric, like Lacroix. "He not only receives inspiration but gives it back. I do about 90 per cent of his prints now."

Fabio and Daniela Bellotti have retained that energy and questioning attitude associated with the 60s generation. To them freedom to travel, explore and create is life itself. Dashing through Paris from one show to another, Bellotti cannot understand the effects of success on some people. "One friend has bought a private plane, another a helicopter. Ridiculous! The expense! The showing-off!" he laughs. "It's what was sad about Thatcher and Reagan. The greatest riches is freedom. Daniela and I still behave as we did when we first met. We lead a spontaneous life."

Free and unencumbered, they have maintained a creativity which is in tune with their times. They could not be further from the ossified establishment figures in an industry that is a temptation to ostentation and hubris □

Ungaro's house style of colour on colour, print against print, has evolved aided by the inspiration of Bellotti's Rainbow Silks.



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TRAVEL SECRETS

Old museums and religious art sit serenely with contemporary history and meticulous rebuilding.

● **Cologne Cathedral.** Described by Lewis Carroll as “the most beautiful of all the churches I have ever seen or can imagine,” this Gothic masterpiece took 632 years to complete. Archbishop Konrad von Hochstaden laid its foundation-stone in 1248 but the second of its 156-metre-high towers was not topped out until 1880. The cathedral contains a shrine for the skulls of the Three Kings, which reside in a magnificent early-13th-century reliquary created by the goldsmith Nicholas of Verdun. Their names—Kaspar, Melchior and Balthazar—are emblazoned on the skulls in rubies.

● **Eleven thousand saintly virgins.** Legend has it that St Ursula, a British princess and devout Christian, probably dating from the fourth century, consented to marry a vicious pagan tyrant only if he agreed that she and her 11,000 maiden companions could make a pilgrimage to Rome. On their way back to Cologne they were massacred by the Huns and their bodies thrown into a pit. The bones can be seen in the Golden Chamber of the Romanesque church of St Ursula, bizarrely arranged. Byron wrote: “Eleven thousand maidenheads of bone: The greatest number flesh has ever known.”

● **Cologne’s museums.** The Wallraf-Richartz Museum/Ludwig Museum, opened in 1986, is world-famous for its art collections and annually attracts some 1.5 million visitors. But seek out the exquisite little church of St Cecilia, built between 1130 and 1160 as a convent chapel and now housing the Schnütgen Museum—a treasury of religious art.

● **Die Bastei.** A modernistic restaurant, resembling a glass temple supporting a pyramid, that juts 8 metres over the Rhine supported on a metal frame. This bizarre structure of steel, concrete and glass, constructed in 1927 on the base of a 19th-century Prussian defensive bastion, was the work of architect Wilhelm Riphahn. It was destroyed by Allied bombs in the Second World War but meticulously rebuilt



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Day and night the cathedral’s soaring towers dominate Cologne.

to the original design in 1958. Its cuisine is magical. (Konrad-Adenauer-Ufer 80; tel: 12 28 25.)

● **Papa Joe’s Jazz Lokal.** Gallons of *Kölsch* beer are drunk in this unlikely, New-Orleans-style jazz club in the Buttermarkt, half-way between the river and the pedestrianised shopping street, Hohestrasse.

● **Town hall.** Konrad Adenauer, born in Cologne in 1876 and its mayor from 1917, was a staunch opponent of the Nazis. They dismissed him in 1933 and then imprisoned him. He briefly returned to his old position in 1945 before becoming German Chancellor in 1949. His magnificently stern portrait adorns the modern wing of Cologne’s town hall, whose early-15th-century belfry and ravishing Renaissance loggia, both damaged in the Second World War, have been perfectly restored.

● **Neumarkt.** Stalls here sell virtually everything, from porcelain, fruit and woollens to Cologne beer. Gonski’s bookshop nearby is a treasure-house for bibliophiles.

● **Hohenzollern Bridge.** Unnerve yourself by walking to the middle of the Hohenzollern Bridge, which spans the Rhine. Powerful railway trains rush past, unsettling your equilibrium, though they are behind an impregnable fence. Stunning city views.

● **Step into a Roman cemetery.** Cologne was founded by the Romans, who named it Colonia, and an absolutely straight Roman road runs for 650 metres from the centre of the city to the church of St Severin. The building stands over a late-Roman cemetery where St Severin, martyred in the early fifth century, lies buried. If you ask permission from the priest you can step down into a crypt filled with the tombs, skeletons and inscriptions of a pagan world.



ANTWERP



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The town hall's opulence symbolises Antwerp's wealth of history.

- **Jacob Jordaens.** This brilliant, though far from well-known, painter prompted the choice of Antwerp as Europe's cultural capital for 1993. Born in the city 400 years ago, he is ranked among Flemish painters second only to his contemporary Sir Peter Paul Rubens. The Royal Museum of Fine Arts is mounting an exhibition (until June 27) of 90 of Jordaens's paintings, 70 drawings and 30 prints, along with sumptuous tapestries made to his designs.
- **Ancient port.** A picturesque fleet of yachts and sailing ships from the Cutty Sark Tall Ships' Race will moor in the old harbour, at the heart of the city, over the weekend of August 14-17. It will be accompanied by a folk festival and, on August 16, the eve of the fleet's departure, a grand fireworks display.
- **Cathedral of Our Lady.** This Brabantine-Gothic masterpiece, with its fanciful, lacy, 123-metre-high tower and a nave flanked by six aisles, was begun in 1352 and has been spruced up for 1993. It contains three major religious works by Rubens: his *Assumption* of 1626 and two triptychs, *The Raising of the Cross* and *The Descent from the Cross*.
- **Cathedral carillon.** Every Monday evening from mid-June to the end of September Antwerp's city carillon-player plays the cathedral bells.
- **Antwerp Zoo.** To mark its 150th anniversary the zoo is hosting a retrospective of the works of the finest European animal sculptors (July 3-September 12). Open 8.30am-6.30pm.
- **Diamonds.** For five centuries Antwerp has led the world in diamond-cutting and polishing. The Provincial Diamond Museum (Lange Herentalsestraat 31-33) is holding a special exhibition, *Diamond Jewellery from Antwerp's*

Golden Age, until September 26. There is also an exhibition of celebrated jewels and precious stones in the Provinciehuis, in Koningin Elisabethlei (June 15-July 4). Be sure to visit one of the diamond-polishing workshops in Antwerp's Jewish quarter, centred on Vestingstraat and Hoveniersstraat.

- **Markets.** Antwerp's bird market (Vogelmarkt) is set up on Sunday mornings around Oude Vaartplaats, and sells textiles, plants and foodstuffs as well as live animals. On Wednesday and Friday mornings second-hand furniture is traded on the Vrijdagmarkt. On Saturdays from Easter to October the city's antiques market opens on Lijnwaadmarkt.
- **Hotels.** Antwerp has a number of excellently sited first-class hotels, such as the Villa Mozart, in Handschoenmarkt, conveniently near the cathedral and the river Scheldt. The tourist office (Grote Markt 15, open Mondays to Saturdays 9am-6pm, Sundays to 5pm; tel: 232 01 03) can help to find you rooms.
- **Pie alley.** In Flemish, Vlaeykensgang. This charming, cobbled street, off Oude Koornmarkt, opens onto a maze of ancient passageways which seem miles away from the bustling city centre. Its name probably refers to an ancient canal that once flowed this way. With its restaurants and wine-bars this is a typical slice of old Antwerp.
- **Rubens's House.** Its name is something of a fiction, since only a portico and pavilion survive from the original house; the rest is a painstaking reconstruction, opened in 1946. Even so, the engravings and paintings by Rubens himself, as well as other paintings from his workshop and some from his private collection, are genuine.
- **Plantin-Moretus Museum.** An authentic complex of mainly 16th-century buildings around an elegant Renaissance courtyard, this patrician residence owes its fame to the renowned printing-house founded here in 1555 by Christophe Plantin and continued for almost 300 years by the Moretus family. The original presses and founts that produced unmatched Hebrew, Latin and Dutch Bibles can still be seen. Centuries-old offices, workshops and a bookshop are perfectly preserved.
- **Mayer Van Den Bergh Museum.** An unexpected place to find two of the finest canvasses by Pieter Brueghel the Elder. This atmospheric town house in Lange Gasthuisstraat also contains many other striking works of art.
- **Rubens as an architect.** Historians speculate that Rubens had a hand in designing the façade of the splendid Renaissance church of St Charles Borromeo (St-Carolus Borromeus, in Flemish), on Hendrik Conscienceplein. As you might expect, it houses several of his paintings.

Compiled by James Bentley.





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ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO SOME OF LONDON'S
MOST INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING EVENTS

BEST OF SUMMER

THEATRE

A much-praised production of *Juno & the Paycock* from Dublin's Gate Theatre has a West End run. Musical openings include the latest from Andrew Lloyd Webber, *Sunset Boulevard*, & a revival of Stephen Sondheim's bloodthirsty *Sweeney Todd*. David Suchet appears in David Mamet's provocative *Oleanna*, & the open air season begins in Regent's Park.

Addresses & telephone numbers are given on the first occasion a theatre's entry appears.

Antony & Cleopatra. John Caird directs Richard Johnson & Clare Higgins in the title roles. Opens May 26. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican, EC2 (071-638 8891).*

Arcadia. Vintage Tom Stoppard—a champagne cocktail of literary mystery, higher mathematics & the chaos theory, which is extended to landscape gardening & the conflicts of country life. Set in both early 19th & late 20th centuries, the play fizzles with verbal facility & dramatic invention, & is stylishly directed by Trevor Nunn. With Felicity Kendal, Harriet Walter & Bill Nighy. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank SE1 (071-928 2252).*

As You Like It. Kate Buffery as Rosalind & Peter de Jersey as Orlando in David Thacker's production. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican.*

The Beggar's Opera. John Gay's 1728 ballad-opera has David Burt as Macheath, Elizabeth Renihan as Polly & Jenna Russell as Lucy. John Caird directs an energetic production. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican.*

The Changeling. Middleton & Rowley's Jacobean tragedy with Cheryl Campbell & Malcolm Storry as the mistress & servant who are drawn together by murder & lust. Opens May 25. *The Pit, Barbican Theatre, EC2 (071-638 8891).*

City of Angels. Witty musical comedy about a thriller writer in

Hollywood whose fiction reflects his own life. Michael Blakemore's stylish production features a fine cast, an evocative jazz score by Cy Coleman & a sharp, wisecracking script by Larry Gelbart. With Roger Allam, Haydn Gwynne, Henry Goodman & Fiona Hendley. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (071-839 5972).*

Crazy for You. A lavish, hugely entertaining reworking of the Gershwin brothers' 1930 musical *Girl Crazy*, in which a star-struck banker puts on a show to save the theatre he is meant to be closing. Ruthie Henshall & Kirby Ward lead a talented company in a show of engaging humour, classic Gershwin songs & brilliant choreography. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (071-734 8951).*

Cyrano de Bergerac. In the title role Robert Lindsay is more swash-buckling romantic than poignant poet in John Wells's adaptation of Edmond Rostand's play. It is funny & stylishly played. *Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (071-930 8800).*

The Deep Blue Sea. Terence Rattigan's drama of clipped emotions concerns a suicidal judge's wife (Penelope Wilton) & her love for a selfish, drunken young pilot (Linus Roache). Karel Reisz's sensitive direction draws fine performances, particularly Wilton's moving portrayal of understated passion. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-494 5070).*

For Services Rendered. A revival from Salisbury Playhouse of Somerset Maugham's 1932 drama about the after-effects of war on a Kent village. With Sylvia Syms. Until June 5. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (071-928 7616).*

The Gift of the Gorgon. Highly theatrical new play by Peter Shaffer exploring reason & revenge. A wife (Judi Dench) recalls her stormy marriage with a playwright (Michael Pennington) in a mixture of flashbacks & fantasies (including Greek myth & a bloody finale). Intense performances & Peter Hall's taut direction hold the attention. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (071-867 1116).*



*Macheath & his women in *The Beggar's Opera* at the Barbican Theatre.*

An Ideal Husband. Peter Hall's enjoyable production of Oscar Wilde's play about the blackmailing of a diplomat. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-494 5067).*

The Importance of Being Earnest. Maggie Smith steals her every scene as Lady Bracknell with a hilarious performance of perfect comic timing. Nicholas Hytner's production occasionally falls flat with her absences but Alex Jennings's Jack Worthing & Claire Skinner's Cecily are played with a conviction & light touch lacking elsewhere in the cast. *Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (071-836 6404).*

Inadmissible Evidence. Di Trevis directs John Osborne's 1964 drama about a barrister (Trevor Eve) whose life crumbles around him. Opens June 17. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*

An Inspector Calls. The startling staging & intense performances over-emphasise the themes & ultimately diminish the power of J. B. Priestley's 1945 drama. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

The Invisible Man. Ken Hill turns H.G. Wells's novel into an Edwardian music-hall melodrama combining broad comedy with mystery & intriguing stage illusions. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (071-836 9987).*

It Runs in the Family. Latest farce by Ray Cooney about a neurologist's efforts to keep his illegitimate teenage son a secret. *Playhouse, Northumberland Ave, WC2 (071-839 4401).*

A Jovial Crew. A little-known 1641 comedy by Richard Brome, reworked by Stephen Jeffreys, about two daughters of a landowner who join a gang of vagrants. *The Pit, Barbican.*

Juno & the Paycock. The Dublin Gate Theatre's acclaimed production of Sean O'Casey's drama about tenement dwellers surviving in 1924 Dublin. May 17-June 19. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-867 1115).*

Kiss of the Spider Woman: The Musical. Harold Prince directs this adaptation of Manuel Puig's novel about disparate cellmates in a South

American gaol. With Bebe Neuwirth, Jeff Hyslop & Charles Pistone. *Shaftesbury Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (071-379 5399).*

The Last Yankee. Arthur Miller's latest play is set in a New England psychiatric ward, where two clinically depressed wives (Margot Leicester & Helen Burns) are visited by their husbands (Peter Davison & David Healy). A 90-minute drama of affecting moments which fail to develop into the masterpiece it might have been. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 5122).*

Leonardo: A Portrait of Love. New musical which imagines a love affair between the Renaissance painter & his model for the *Mona Lisa*. Opens June 3. *Strand Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (071-930 8800).*

Lysistrata. A comedy by Aristophanes in which the women of Greece declare a sex strike until the men make peace with Sparta. Peter Hall directs a cast headed by Geraldine James. Opens June 15. *Old Vic.*

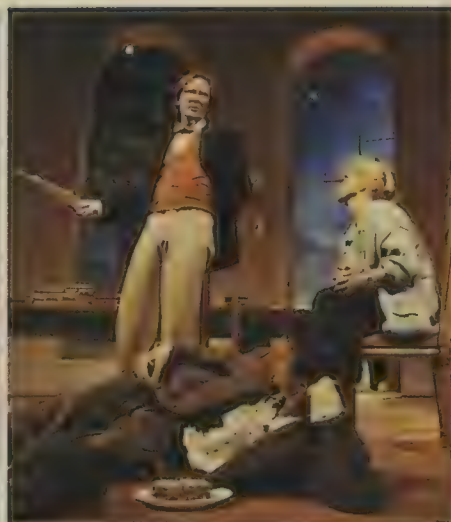
Macbeth. Richard Eyre's atmospheric production heightens the play's imagery of darkness, blood & fire, but Alan Howard only occasionally displays his power & the rest of the cast disappoint. *Olivier, National Theatre.*

Mr A's Amazing Maze Plays. Evil Mr Accousticus steals sounds in Alan Ayckbourn's family play, with the audience dictating the course of the action. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

The Odyssey. Caribbean poet Derek Walcott's re-telling of Homer's epic, with Ron Cook as Odysseus. Opens June 22. *The Pit, Barbican.*

Oleanna. Harold Pinter directs a controversial new play by David Mamet about a middle-aged professor who is accused of sexual harassment by a woman pupil. With David Suchet & Lia Williams. Opens June 30. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (071-730 1745).*

On the Ledge. William Dudley directs a new comedy by Alan Bleasdale set on the roof & ledges of an inner-city tower block on Bonfire



An earnest moment for Maggie Smith's *Lady Bracknell*; philosophical debate in *Arcadia*; severe déjà vu for Bill Murray in *Groundhog Day* with Andie MacDowell.

Night. With Mark McGann. *Lyttelton, National Theatre*.

On the Piste. John Godber's latest comedy satirises skiers both on & off the slopes. With Paul Brown & Ivan Kaye. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (071-494 5085)*.

Romeo & Juliet. Joe Dixon & Joanna Roth play the lovers in Michael Bogdanov's production. May 24-June 19. *Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (081-741 2311)*.

Romeo & Juliet. Judi Dench directs Rebecca Callard & Zubin Varla as the tragic couple. Opens June 16. *Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (071-486 2431)*.

The School of Night. Peter Whelan has written an Elizabethan thriller of social & political intrigue inspired by the mysterious events surrounding the death of playwright Christopher Marlowe (Richard McCabe). Bill Alexander directs. *The Pit, Barbican*.

Separate Tables. Peter Hall directs Terence Rattigan's two dramas set in the same Bournemouth hotel. With Peter Bowles, Patricia Hodge & Rosemary Leach. Previews from the end of June. *Albery*.

The Showman. Alan Bates stars in the British première of an Austrian comedy by Thomas Bernhard about an egotistical actor who is touring the provinces. Until June 25. *Almeida Theatre, Almeida St, N1 (071-359 4404)*.

Sunset Boulevard. Andrew Lloyd Webber's newest musical is an adaptation of Billy Wilder's 1950 movie. Broadway actress Patti LuPone plays Norma Desmond, a half-forgotten silent movie star who hires a young Hollywood screenwriter to script her comeback film. Trevor Nunn directs. Opens June 29. *Adelphi Theatre, Strand, WC2 (071-344 0055)*.

Sweeney Todd. Declan Donnellan directs a revival of Sondheim's dark musical, with Alun Armstrong as the demon barber & Julia McKenzie as his pie-making accomplice. Opens June 2. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

The Taming of the Shrew. The 1993 Open Air Theatre season begins

with Toby Robertson's production. With Cathy Tyson, Geordie Johnson & Bernard Bresslaw. Opens June 1. *Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park*.

Translations. Sam Mendes directs Brian Friel's 1981 play about the culture clash between English soldiers & a Gaelic-speaking community in 1830s County Donegal. With Norman Rodway, Barry Lynch, Daniel Flynn & Clare Cathcart. June 9-July 24. *Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (071-867 1150)*.

Travels with My Aunt. Giles Haverger's eccentric adaptation of Graham Greene's novel about a retired bank manager who is drawn into a web of intrigue by his globe-trotting aunt. Four actors play 20 or so characters in what is less a play & more a *tour de force* of comic acting. *Whitehall Theatre, Whitehall, SW1 (071-867 1119)*.

Trelawny of the "Wells". A handsomely staged revival of Arthur Wing Pinero's 1898 backstage comedy of Victorian theatre folk. In a strong ensemble Helen McCrory is charming in the title role of a young actress deciding between marriage & a life on the stage. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

The Winter's Tale. Adrian Noble's production features John Nettles as Leontes & Samantha Bond as Hermione. Opens June 23. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican*.

RECOMMENDED LONG RUNNERS

Blood Brothers, *Phoenix (071-867 1044)*; **Buddy,** *Victoria Palace (071-834 1317)*; **Cats,** *New London (071-405 0072)*; **Five Guys Named Moe,** *Lyric (071-494 5045)*; **Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat,** *Palladium (071-494 5020)*; **Les Misérables,** *Palace (071-434 0909)*; **Miss Saigon,** *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (071-494 5001)*; **The Mousetrap,** *St Martin's Lane (071-836 1443)*; **The Phantom of the Opera,** *Her Majesty's (071-494 5400)*; **Starlight Express,** *Apollo Victoria (071-630 6262)*; **The Woman in Black,** *Fortune (071-836 2238)*.

CINEMA

Last year's Oscar winner for the best foreign film, *Mediterraneo*, at last reaches Britain, as does Claude Sautet's *Un Coeur en Hiver*, with the delectable Emmanuelle Béart. Hollywood, refuting recent claims that there is no public appetite for violence, enjoyed much success with *Falling Down*, about an unhinged citizen, but the nicely implausible comedy *Groundhog Day* shows that it is possible to be both whimsical and astringent.

Accidental Hero (15). Dustin Hoffman plays a petty crook who, by chance, is the only person on the scene of a crashed airliner. He saves the lives of all aboard but then disappears from the site. Andy Garcia, another social misfit, steps forward to claim the large reward offered to the unknown rescuer. Garcia is humble, saintly & concerned, a natural media hero, while Hoffman can never be anything other than repulsive. A satisfactory compromise must be found. Stephen Frears explores this interesting idea & it is well-handled until the slightly glib outcome.

Alive (15). A grisly story adapted from the Piers Paul Read account of the plane crash in the high Andes of the Uruguayan rugby team in 1972. The survivors, after the search for them has been abandoned, accept the hopelessness of their situation & are forced to eat the corpses of those who died in the wreck. Frank Marshall's film begins promisingly & the crash is startlingly vivid, but the wait for rescue is interminable.

Un Coeur en Hiver (A Heart in Winter) (12). The winner of the Venice Film Festival's Silver Lion last year, Claude Sautet's film is a love-triangle between a violin-maker, Daniel Auteuil, his partner & best friend, André Dussollier, & his lover, a young violinist, Emmanuelle

Béart. She is seduced by Auteuil, falls in love with him & is rejected. The performances are beautifully modulated, the settings are elegantly Parisian & the soundtrack is a joy.

Falling Down (18). A Los Angeles motorist, Michael Douglas, loses his cool in a traffic jam, abandons his car & becomes violently psychotic as he sets himself up as a one-man vigilante task force. Director Joel Schumacher manages to evoke sympathy for this twisted character by showing how the frustrations of city life can be responsible for unhinging a man. Robert Duvall plays a police detective who goes after him. Opens June 4.

Groundhog Day (PG). In Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, the coverage of an annual rite celebrating the arrival of spring is a regular outside assignment for a jaded Pittsburgh TV weatherman, played by the splendidly sardonic Bill Murray. On this occasion he finds he's stuck in a time loop, living the same day over and over again, & it provides an opportunity to revise his view of life. A likeable comedy co-written & directed by Harold Ramis, with Andie MacDowell as Murray's attractive, but bemused producer.

Indecent Proposal (15). In Adrian Lyne's new film a high-powered career couple, Woody Harrelson & Demi Moore, hit the financial shoals, & decide to risk all in Las Vegas. A high-rolling stranger, Robert Redford, offers \$1 million to sleep with the wife & thus poses a curious moral dilemma. Opens May 14.

Innocent Blood (15). Pittsburgh is the setting for a humorous but violent vampire thriller, directed by John Landis. Anthony LaPaglia plays an undercover cop on the trail of a Mafia boss, Robert Loggia. The mobster has been turned into a vampire by a ravishing gamine, Anne Parillaud, who satisfies her appetite for blood only on villains. The blood flows but, be assured, it's a spoof. Opens July 2.

Map of the Human Heart (15). The setting is the northern vastnesses



Michael Douglas has a cracked vision in *Falling Down*; Demi Moore ponders Robert Redford's indecent proposal; Lillian Watson in *The Cunning Little Vixen*.

of the Arctic Circle. Jason Scott Lee plays an Inuit & Anne Parillaud a half-breed with whom he is emotionally bonded, with Patrick Bergin as a white explorer who comes between them. The director is the New Zealander Vincent Ward. Characteristically, his dramatic new work, which has been revised since its screening at Cannes, is visually remarkable, but has moments of sentimentality. Opens June 4.

Mediterraneo (15). A party of Italian soldiers is stranded in wartime without a radio or boat on a remote Greek island denuded of its active males, & succumbs to the indolent charms of the place. The lieutenant paints frescoes in the church, two brothers establish a *ménage à trois* with a beautiful shepherdess, & even the tough sergeant takes up folk-dancing. An engaging, sun-drenched comedy directed by Gabriele Salvatores.

Mr Saturday Night (15). Billy Crystal, in his first film as director, also appears as a Jewish stand-up comedian, a mocking iconoclast whose private life & relationship with his wife & daughter are unsettled. His brother (David Paymer) is his foil &, subtly, also his drive. Crystal in character in front of an audience is brilliantly astirring, irreverent & funny, but off stage there are moments that come close to schmalz.

Rich in Love (PG). A 17-year-old, Kathryn Erbe, comes home from school to find that her mother has departed. Her father, Albert Finney, goes into a depression, & in the weeks that follow the girl gives up her own life to look after him. But a twist changes what might have become a deadening existence. Bruce Beresford's film brings Jill Clayburgh back to the screen as the estranged wife.

Savage Nights (18). The director and star, Cyril Collard, died of AIDS three days before his film won four French Césars, including best film. The hero is a reckless young bi-sexual who simultaneously has an affair with Romane Bohringer & with her boy-

friend, played by Carlos Lopez, but tells neither that he has HIV. Opens June 18.

Sommersby (12). The American remake of *The Return of Martin Guerre* is a surprise because the story has actually gained strength by being transferred from 16th-century France to the post-Civil War Tennessee of the 1860s. Richard Gere is a curious opportunist who takes on the identity of a fellow prisoner in a Yankee gaol, passing himself off in the war-ravaged country community, where his wife, Jodie Foster, finds him literally a new man. He inspires the self-pitying farmers to grow tobacco, & restores their fortunes & confidence. But the crimes of his *doppelgänger* catch up. Jon Amiel's film looks superb; he has an eye for period detail & the cinematography avoids the conventional Hollywood high gloss.

South Central (15). Life in a sordid inner-city area of Los Angeles as a father attempts to wrest his young son from the gang-culture that leads the children into a life of delinquency. There is a tiny shred of optimism in the barren environment of this film. Written & directed by Steve Anderson. Opens June 18.

Untamed Heart (15). The warmly outgoing Marisa Tomei works as a waitress in a dismal diner in Minneapolis & is eventually drawn to a shy busboy, Christian Slater, who has a weak heart. The ambience of the place is well suggested in Tony Bill's good-natured film which has moments of jaunty comedy among the ketchup bottles. Opens June 11.

Wild West (15). A Country & Western band has its sights on Nashville. The problem is that the group hails from Southall, Middlesex, & are entirely Asian. When the beautiful Sarita Choudhury joins them as a singer, she is the one the recording company really wants. A lively, amusing & pertinent comment on race relations in contemporary Britain, written by Harwant Bains & directed by David Attwood. Opens May 14.

OPERA

The world première of a Jonathan Harvey commission concludes the dynamic reign of the Jonas/Elder/Pountney triumvirate at the English National Opera. The Royal Opera offers *Otello* & *Attila*, under the baton of one of the world's finest Verdi conductors, Edward Downes. More Verdi in Rochester, where the Romanian State Opera gives one performance of *Nabucco*, with available seating for 4,700.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 3161/071-240 5258).

The Barber of Seville. Michael Lewis sings Figaro, with Della Jones as Rosina & Peter Bronder as Almaviva. May 14,17,19,27.

Ariodante. David Alden's production plumbs the psychological depths of Handel's characters, superbly sung by Ann Murray, in the title role, Amanda Roocroft as Ginevra, Christopher Robson as Polinesso. May 15,18,21,28, June 3,7,10.

Macbeth. David Pountney's controversial but visually arresting staging, strongly cast with Malcolm Donnelly as Macbeth, Kristine Ciesinski as Lady Macbeth, Gwynne Howell as Banquo; Mark Elder conducts. May 20,22,26,29, June 2,4,9,12,15,18,23,26.

Inquest of Love. Jonathan Harvey's new opera about a journey through the spirit world, produced by David Pountney & conducted by Mark Elder. June 5,8,11,17,22.

The Magic Flute. Return of Nicholas Hytner's stylish & perceptive production, with Alan Opie as Papageno, Gillian Webster as Pamina, Paul Nilon as Tamino, Ulrik Cold as Sarastro. June 14,16,19(m&e),21,25.

OPERA FACTORY

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

The Marriage of Figaro. David Freeman's hugely entertaining pro-

duction with Patrick Donnelly as Figaro, Susannah Waters as Susanna. Mark Wigglesworth conducts. May 21,24,26,29, June 1,4,6,9,12.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (071-240 1066).

Otello. Vladimir Atlantov sings the title role, with Katia Ricciarelli as Desdemona & Justino Diaz as Iago in Elijah Moshinsky's powerful staging. May 14,18,21.

La Bohème. Deborah Riedel & Jerry Hadley sing Mimi & Rodolfo. May 24,28,31, June 3,8, 11,15,18.

Attila. Elijah Moshinsky's strongly focused staging has Samuel Ramey as Attila, Elizabeth Connell as Odabella, Giorgio Zancanaro as Ezio. June 14,17,19,22,25,28,30, July 3.

Tosca. Catherine Malfitano sings Tosca, with Luis Lima as Cavaradossi. June 16,21,23,26.

The Cunning Little Vixen. Bill Bryden's enchanting production, in William Dudley's imaginative sets, again has Lillian Watson as Vixen Sharp-Ears, with Anthony Michaels-Moore, one of the most outstanding young British baritones, as the Forester. June 24,29, July 1,2,5,10.

Don Giovanni. Most controversial of Johannes Schaaf's three Mozart productions, with Thomas Allen as a relentlessly sadistic anti-hero & Claudio Desderi his sardonic servant. Karita Mattila & Ann Murray are the avenging Anna & Elvira. Haitink conducts. July 6,9,12,14,16,19,21,23.

OUT OF TOWN

GARSINGTON OPERA

Garsington Manor, Oxford (086 736636).

L'Infedeltà delusa. Directed by Anthony Besch. June 18,20,25,29, July 1,5.

Ariadne auf Naxos. Conducted by Ivor Bolton. June 19,22,24,27.

Le nozze di Figaro. Stephen Barlow conducts. June 26,28,30, July 2,4.

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351).

Wozzeck. Deborah Warner's production, conducted by Paul Daniel, with Andrew Shore as Wozzeck. May 13,15,18,21.



Kristine Ciesinski is ENO's *Lady Macbeth*. Rambert Dance is at Lilian Baylis Theatre. Previn conducts the LSO & Jessye Norman sings with the orchestra. Bryn

La Gioconda. Rosalind Plowright sings the title role, with Edmund Barham as Enzo. May 14, 17, 20.

La Bohème. Jane Leslie MacKenzie & David Maxwell Anderson sing Mimi & Rodolfo. May 19, 22.

Opera House, Manchester (061-236 9922); May 25-29. *Theatre Royal, Nottingham* (0602 482626); June 1-5. *New Theatre, Hull* (0482 226655); June 8-12. *Lyceum, Sheffield* (0742 769922); June 15-19.

ROMANIAN STATE OPERA

Castle Gardens, Rochester, Kent.

Box office: 0634 811118/843666.

Nabucco. An open-air production against the walls of the Norman castle, directed by Hero Lupescu & conducted by Cornel Trailescu. The company of 170 includes 35 dancers. July 24.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-332 9000).

The Makropoulos Case. Kathryn Harries sings the 300-year-old heroine. May 18, 22, 25, 27.

Eugene Onegin. Johannes Mannov & Cheryl Barker sing Onegin & Tatyana. May 20, 26, 29(m).

Also **Norma**, with Jane Eaglen in the title role, directed by Ian Judge.

His Majesty's, Aberdeen (0224 641122); June 8-12. *King's, Edinburgh* (031-229 1201); June 15-19. *Theatre Royal, Newcastle* (091-232 2061); June 22-26.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 394844).

La favorita. Bernadette Cullen sings the title role in this rarely-heard work by Donizetti. May 26, June 3.

Eugene Onegin. New production by Howard Davies, with Jason Howard as Onegin, Janice Watson & Rosalind Sutherland sharing the role of Tatyana. May 27, 29, June 2, 5.

La Bohème. With Mary Callan Clarke & Paul Charles Clarke as Mimi & Rodolfo. May 28, June 1, 4. *Hippodrome, Bristol* (0272 299444); June 8-12. *Mayflower, Southampton* (0703 229771); June 22-26. *Hippodrome, Birmingham* (021-622 7486); June 29-July 3. *Apollo, Oxford* (0865 244544); July 6-10. *Theatre Royal, Plymouth* (0752 267222); July 13-17.

DANCE

One of the world's great classical companies, the Kirov Ballet, from St Petersburg, has a season at the Coliseum. The Royal Ballet celebrates Dame Ninette de Valois's 95th birthday with a revival of *Checkmate*, which she created for Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1937.

Kirov Ballet. Repertory of five full-length ballets, opening with *Romeo & Juliet* & *Swan Lake*. June 29-July 31. *London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane WC2* (071-836 3161).

Nederlands Dans Theater 2. London début of this dynamic company of young dancers, whose two programmes include works choreographed by Jiri Kylian & Hans van Manen. May 18-22. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1* (071-278 8916).

Rambert Dance Company. Ten works in many different styles, created by the dancers. May 26, 27(m&c), 28, 29(m&c). *Lilian Baylis Theatre, Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1* (071-837 4104).

Rhythm Method. Movement & dance, including the Cholmondeleys' *Baby, Baby, Baby*, & Mal Pelo, a Catalan group who improvise to live music. May 22, 23. *Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1* (071-928 8800).

Royal Ballet. *Swan Lake*. Dowell's production, May 13, 15(m&c), 19, 27, 29(m&c), June 2, 7. *Don Quixote*. Dowell's staging of Baryshnikov's version, May 17, 22(m&c), 25, June 1. Triple bill: *Ballet Imperial* by Balanchine, Bintley's *Still Life* at the Penguin Café, Macmillan's *Gloria*. May 20, 26. Triple bill: Balanchine's *Prodigal Son*, Tetley's *La Ronde*, *Checkmate*, by Ninette de Valois, June 4, 5(m&c), 9, 10. *Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2* (071-240 1066/1911).

Tango Para Dos. British première of this Argentinian group, who trace the history of the tango from its origins in the suburban slums of Buenos Aires. June 22-July 10. *Sadler's Wells*.

MUSIC

Muti conducts the Vienna Philharmonic & Glyndebourne performs opera in concert, both at the Festival Hall. The London Sinfonietta marks the birthdays of Lutoslawski & Ligeti; pianist Michelangeli plays in concert & recital; Jessye Norman sings with the LSO; all at the Barbican Hall. Open-air concerts at Kenwood.

BARBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (071-638 8891).

Ligeti at 70. London Sinfonietta celebrates the composer's birthday with a series of events including a documentary film, a piano/harpsichord recital & ensemble concert. May 15.

Tatyana Nikolaeva, piano. The eminent Russian musician plays Bach & Shostakovich. May 16, 4pm.

Gundula Janowitz, soprano, sings Mozart & Strauss, with the Academy of London, conducted by Richard Stamp. May 17, 7.30pm.

St Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra. Mariss Jansons conducts Prokofiev & Rachmaninov. May 19, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Beethoven, Strauss, & Schumann's Piano Concerto, with Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli as soloist. May 20, 23, 7.30pm.

Lutoslawski at 80. London Sinfonietta marks the composer's birthday with a film interview, chamber works & a concert. May 22.

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli. The distinguished pianist gives two recitals of works by Debussy. May 27, 30, 7.30pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Christoph Eschenbach is conductor & solo pianist in works by Beethoven, Mozart, Dvořák. June 1, 7.30pm.

London Sinfonietta. Paul Daniel conducts popular works by Górecki. June 7, 8, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra.

André Previn conducts two concerts. Strauss's *Four Last Songs*, with Cheryl Studer, soprano, Vaughan Williams's *Symphony No 5*, June 10; Mozart's *Piano Concerto No 24*, in which he is also soloist, Brahms's *German Requiem*, with Sylvia McNair & Thomas Allen, June 13; 7.30pm.

André Previn plays chamber music with Alexander Barantschik, violin, Edward Vanderspar, viola, Moray Welsh, cello, Andrew Marriner, clarinet, works by Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven, June 15; with Viktoria Mullova, violin, Heinrich Schiff, cello, trios by Beethoven & Brahms, June 22; 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Vachtang Matchavariani conducts Mussorgsky, Rachmaninov, Rimsky-Korsakov. June 16, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Pierre Boulez conducts four concerts. Schoenberg, Stravinsky & Bartók's *Piano Concerto No 1*, with Daniel Barenboim, June 19, 20; Stravinsky, Debussy, Webern & Schoenberg's *Erwartung*, with Jessye Norman, soprano, June 24, 26; 7.30pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

Academy of St Martin in the Fields. Neville Marriner conducts Ravel & Elgar, with Cécile Ousset, piano. May 13, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Klaus Tennstedt conducts Mahler's *Symphony No 7*. May 14, 15, 7.30pm.

English Symphony Orchestra. William Boughton conducts Delius, Saint-Saëns, Bruch, Elgar. May 18, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts Mozart, Berg, Brahms, with Barbara Hendricks, soprano, May 20; Strauss, Mahler, with Richard Watkins, horn, May 22; 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Bernard Haitink conducts Schubert's *Symphony No 9* (Great); Borodin *String Quartet* plays Schubert's *Quartet No 14* (*Death & the Maiden*); May 25, 26, 7.30pm.



Terfel records *Figaro* live at the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Bradford Festival takes to the city streets. The Nash Ensemble gives first performances at Bath Festival.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts Lindberg, Chopin, Sibelius, with Artur Pizarro, piano. May 27; Sibelius, Beethoven, Lindberg, with Olli Mustonen, piano, May 29; 7.30pm.

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Riccardo Muti conducts Fauré, Ravel, Beethoven. May 30, 7.30pm.

Murray Perahia, piano. Mozart, Brahms, Beethoven. June 1, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Libor Pešek conducts Brahms & Mendelssohn, with Stephen Hough, piano, June 3; Smetana & Janáček, with Brighton Festival Chorus, June 7; 7.30pm.

Bach Choir, Philharmonia Orchestra. David Willcocks conducts Verdi, Elgar, Stravinsky. June 9, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Per Dreier conducts Grieg, to mark the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth. June 15, 7.30pm.

Young Musicians Symphony Orchestra. James Blair conducts Verdi's Requiem, with London Choral Society. June 17, 7.30pm.

Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Soler, Schumann, Falla. June 20, 3.45pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Mirella Freni, soprano, sings arias from *Aida*, *La Bohème*, *Adriana Lecouvreur*, *Eugene Onegin*, under the baton of Giuseppe Sinopoli. June 20, 7.30pm.

Glyndebourne Festival Opera. While its new opera house is being built, Glyndebourne gives concert performances of operas with its resident orchestra, the London Philharmonic. *Beatrice & Benedict*, with Anne Sofie von Otter & Jerry Hadley in the title roles, John Wells as narrator, conducted by Andrew Davis. June 21, 23, 25, 7.30pm. *Fidelio*, with Julia Varady as Leonore & Peter Seiffert as Florestan, conducted by Klaus Tennstedt. June 22, 24, 26, 7.30pm.

KENWOOD LAKESIDE
Hampstead Lane, NW3 (071-413 1443).

Winter Daydreams. Wren Symphony Orchestra plays Tchaikovsky & Sibelius. June 19, 7.30pm.

Brief Encounter. National Symphony Orchestra plays Grieg, Rachmaninov, Tchaikovsky. June 26, 7.30pm.

Welsh National Opera gives a concert performance of *La Bohème*. June 27, 7pm.

Tchaikovsky Centenary Concert by Wren Symphony Orchestra, including the overture 1812, with fireworks. July 3, 7.30pm.

MUSEUM OF GARDEN HISTORY
Lambeth Palace Rd, SE1 (071-261 1891).

College of William & Mary Choir. The 55-strong choir from Virginia performs a mixed programme of classical & negro spiritual songs. June 2, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-920 8800).

Olli Mustonen, piano. Bartók, Beethoven, Schumann. May 23, 3pm.

Academy of St Martin in the Fields. Kenneth Sillito is director & solo violin in concertos by Bach & Vivaldi. May 27; he directs Schumann & Schubert. June 8; 7.45pm.

Peter Frankl, piano. **Gyorgy Pauk,** violin, **Ralph Kirshbaum,** cello. Piano Trios by Tchaikovsky & Shostakovich. June 2, 7.45pm.

Première Ensemble. Mark Wigglesworth conducts new works by Sally Beamish & Dominic Muldowney in two programmes with Mozart's Symphonies Nos 38-41. June 5 & 14, 7.45pm.

Hanover Band. Roy Goodman directs "Schumann & the Leipzig Gewandhaus": a re-creation concert of Dec 6, 1841, including Schumann, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Liszt. June 10, 7.45pm.

Chelsea Opera Group Chorus & Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Brown, give a concert performance in French of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*. June 13, 7.45pm.

Le Nozze di Figaro. John Eliot Gardiner conducts the English Baroque Soloists, with Bryn Terfel as Figaro & Alison Hagley as Susanna, in two concert performances of Mozart's opera, which is being recorded live. June 29, July 1, 7.15pm.

FESTIVALS

Anniversaries of Tchaikovsky, Debussy & Grieg are marked this year. Aldeburgh features Toru Takemitsu; Exeter's theme has a "French Connection"; Bournemouth explores the seven ages of man; Cheltenham offers new music.

ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL

Featured composer is the Japanese Toru Takemitsu. Peter Serkin plays Bach's Goldberg Variations; Thomas Allen performs songs by Grieg & Grainger. Concert performances of Britten's opera *Owen Wingrave*. June 11-27. *Box office: High St, Aldeburgh, Suffolk IP15 5AX (0728 453543).*

BATH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

Celebrates Grieg, whose works are performed by Norwegian artists. Also features the music of Schumann. The Nash Ensemble gives the world première of Turnage's Horn Trio "At Close of Day" & Holloway's Partita for solo horn. May 21-June 6. *Box office: Linley House, 1 Pierrepont Place, Bath BA1 1JY (0225 463362).*

BOURNEMOUTH FESTIVAL

Exploration of the theme "The Seven Ages of Man" involves the arts of the past, present & future. Musicians include percussionist Evelyn Glennie, mezzo-soprano Sarah Walker & the Nash Ensemble. Three sculptors will create works of art on the 7-mile-long beach. June 5-20. *Box office: BIC, Exeter Rd, Bournemouth BH2 5BA (0202 297297).*

BRADFORD FESTIVAL

Features the Birmingham Royal Ballet, Chinese State Circus, chamber music in the cathedral, a Civil War re-enactment & many street events involving the community. June 18-July 10. *Box office: Wool Exchange, Bradford BD1 1LE (0274 752000).*

CHELTHAM FESTIVAL OF MUSIC

The world première of Michael Berkeley's opera *Baa Baa Black Sheep* launches a programme which includes 19 other premières & a cycle

of Beethoven's trios. July 3-18. *Box office: Town Hall, Imperial Square, Cheltenham GL50 1QA (0242 227979).*

COVENT GARDEN FESTIVAL

The Magic Flute in Freemasons' Hall & *Trial by Jury* in Bow Street Magistrates' Court are collector's items. Music theatre & cabaret in Donmar Warehouse; Handel & Monteverdi in St Paul's church; talks, discussions & celebrity interviews. May 17-31. *Box office: Theatre Museum, Russell St, London WC2 (071-497 9977).*

EXETER FESTIVAL

The "French Connection" theme brings an enticing flavour of French culture, gastronomy, fashion, folk dancing, humour & *joie de vivre*. July 1-18. *Box office: Civic Centre, Paris St, Exeter EX1 1JN (0392 425229).*

HANDEL IN OXFORD

The choirs of Christ Church Cathedral, King's College, New College & Magdalen, with The Sixteen Choir & Orchestra perform *Israel in Egypt*, *Deborah*, *Dixit Dominus* & coronation anthems. July 1-6. *Box office: Freepost, Oxford OX2 9BR (0865 791222).*

PERTH FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS

Opening concert by Leipzig Radio Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Krzysztof Penderecki. Also St Petersburg Glinka Choir & Norwegian Chamber Orchestra. May 19-30. *Box office: Perth Theatre, 185 High St, Perth PH1 5UW (0738 21031).*

SPIALFIELDS FESTIVAL

Opens with the London première of Richard Rodney Bennett's *Sermons & Devotions*. Richard Hickox conducts Walton's *The Bear*, Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia* & Purcell's *Dido & Aeneas*. June 9-30. *Box office: Christ Church, Commercial St, London E1 6LY (071-377 1362).*

WARWICK FESTIVAL

The Moscow String Quartet, Bekova Trio & Rossica Choir are among the Russian artists marking the Tchaikovsky centenary. Plus *Othello* at Kenilworth Castle & *Twelfth Night* at Warwick Castle. June 30-July 11. *Box office: Warwick Arts Society, Northgate, Warwick CV34 4JL (0926 496277).*



The Commonwealth Institute celebrates its centenary with *Botswana Live!* Sisto Badalocchio's painting is among masterpieces at the Accademia Italiana.

EXHIBITIONS

The Royal Academy lays on a real summer feast with **Pissarro's series paintings, the 225th Summer Exhibition & a last chance to view the early works of Georges Rouault.** Meanwhile the Tate looks into art & existentialism in post-war Paris, & explores the technique of J.M.W. Turner.

ACCADEMIA ITALIANA

24 Rutland Gate, SW7 (071-225 3474).

Masterpieces from Emilia-Romagna. Italian art treasures of the 16th to 18th centuries by painters from Bologna, Parma, Modena & Ferrara. Until July 25. £5, concessions £2.50.

LEWELLYN ALEXANDER

124-126 The Cut, SE1 (071-620 1322).

Not the Royal Academy. A third year of the popular *salon des refusés*. June 10-Sept 10. Mon-Fri 10am-7.30pm, Sat 1.30-7.30pm.

BANKSIDE GALLERY

18 Hopton St, SE1 (071-928 7521).

Pamela Kay. Portraits, flower-paintings & garden pictures including some of Sissinghurst & Giverny. May 20-June 13. Tues-Fri 10am-5pm, Sun 1-5pm. £2, concessions £1.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Barbican Centre, EC2 (071-638 4141).

The Sixties: Art Scene in London. The extraordinary styles & techniques that exploded on the London art scene between 1957 & the late 1960s. Works by Anthony Caro, Bridget Riley, R.B. Kitaj, Peter Blake & others. Until June 13. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Tues until 5.45pm, Sun & May 31 noon-6.45pm. £4.50, concessions £2.50.

BRITISH LIBRARY

British Museum, Great Russell St, WC1 (071-323 7111).

The Life of the Buddha. Colourful Burmese manuscripts show episodes from the life of Prince Siddhattha. "the enlightened one". Until Sept 26. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (071-603 4535).

Botswana Live! Major exhibition to open the institute's centenary celebrations deals with contemporary arts & crafts from this African country. Until June 13. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £2, concessions £1.

DESIGN MUSEUM

Butlers Wharf, Shad Thames, SE1 (071-407 6261).

"Ideal Homes". A retrospective reappraisal of changing "modern" living styles over the last 70 years. Until Aug 22. Daily 10.30am-5.30pm. £3.50, concessions £2.50.

FESTIVAL HALL FOYERS

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 3641).

Moving Into View. Works of art taken from the Arts Council Collection are on display inside & outside the Festival Hall complex. Until late summer.

South Bank Photo Show. Selected entries from some 3,000 submissions on the theme of Earth. June 4-July 18. Daily 10am-10.30pm.

GUARDS' MUSEUM

Birdcage Walk, SW1 (071-414 3429).

All the Queen's Men. A recreation of the Queen's 1953 coronation procession using more than 4,000 miniature lead soldiers. Until Dec 22. Sat-Thurs 10am-4pm. £2, concessions £1.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-261 0127).

Georgia O'Keeffe: American & modern. Large flower paintings & landscapes of America's south-west in this first retrospective outside the United States. Until June 27. Daily 10am-6pm, Tues, Wed until 8pm. £5, concessions £3.50.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S

Marylebone Rd, NW1 (071-935 6861).

The Spirit of London. To the usual attractions is added a new "time-taxi" ride through the capital's history with sights, sounds & smells evoking such events as the Great Fire, the Industrial Revolution, the Blitz and the Swinging 60s. Daily 10am-5.30pm. £7.40, OAPs £5.50, children £4.75.

MARLBOROUGH GRAPHICS

6 Albemarle St, W1 (071-629 5161).

Graham Sutherland as Print-maker. Lithographs, etchings & aquatints by the British artist. Until June 12. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm. Closed May 31.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (071-839 3321).

Sainsbury wing:

Tradition & Revolution in French Art 1700-1880: paintings & drawings from Lille. More than 100 paintings by Delacroix, Sisley, Géricault, Courbet & others from one of France's greatest provincial museums. Until July 11. £4, concessions £2. Extended opening hours Wed until 8pm, Sun from noon.

Sunley room:

Paintings from the Bowes Museum. El Greco, Boucher, Goya & Primitivo are among artists represented in this highly-respected collection from County Durham. Until June 20. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (071-306 0055).

BP Portrait Award 1993. A selection from this year's entries, showing developments in modern portraiture. June 4-Sept 5.

Drawings of the Queen's Grandchildren. Eight studies by Martin Yeoman. Until June 18.

Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NOORTMAN GALLERY

40-41 Old Bond St, W1 (071-491 7284).

Dutch & Flemish Old Master Paintings. Some 35 paintings including *The Courtyard at Delft* by de Hooch, purchased by the gallery in 1992 for almost £4.5 million. June 1-July 16. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

OBSIDIAN GALLERY

4 Ryder St, SW1 (information 071-930 8606).

Verdura Jewellery. Designs created in the 1930s & 40s for Coco Chanel, the Duchess of Windsor & other famous figures. June 7-15. Mon-Fri 11am-6.30pm.

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1 (071-799 2331).

A King's Purchase: King George III & the collection of Consul Smith. A selection from more than 500 paintings by Dutch, Flemish & Italian masters, sold to George III in 1762 for £20,000. Until Dec 23. Tues-Sat, & May 31, 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £2.50, OAPs £1.80, children £1.20.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (071-439 7438).

Georges Rouault: the early years 1903-20. Portrayals of prostitutes, circus performers & lawyers characterise this part of the French artist's career. Until June 6. £4, concessions £2.70.

225th Summer Exhibition. The eagerly-awaited, annual mixed show. June 6-Aug 15. £5, concessions £3.40.

The Impressionist & the City: Pissarro's series paintings. Urban landscapes of Paris, Rouen, Le Havre & Dieppe by the father figure of the Impressionist group. July 2-Oct 10. £5, concessions £3.40.

Daily 10am-6pm. (Advance booking on 071-240 7200 or 071-344 4444.)

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (071-821 1313).

Paris Post War: Art & Existentialism 1945-55. An evocation of artistic life in Paris after the city's liberation, including paintings by Giacometti, Dubuffet, Picasso & Wols. June 9-Sept 5. £4, concessions £2.50.

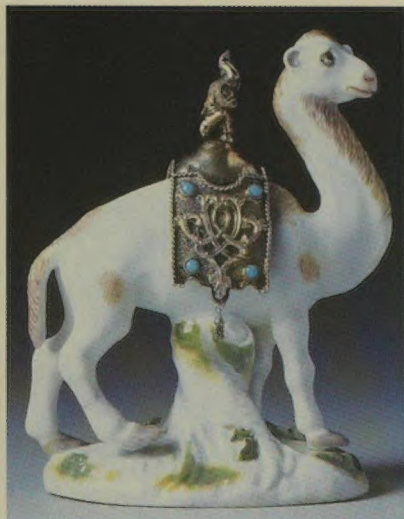
Georges Braque: prints. More than 90 items from private collections in Paris show a neglected aspect of this modern master. Until June 27.

Turner's Painting Techniques. An exploration of the artist's attempts to create some new effects. June 22-Oct 10. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (071-377 0107).

Tony Bevan. Recent paintings & drawings by a British artist who specialises in depicting the human body. May 14-July 11. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.



Agassi defends his Wimbledon title. Old treasures at Grosvenor House Antiques Fair.

SPORT

The finest badminton players converge on Birmingham for the world championships. The arrival of Australia's team for the start of another Test series gives England the chance to forget the disastrous Indian tour. For others, the summer heralds Royal Ascot, the Derby, & the tennis championships at Wimbledon.

BADMINTON

World Championships. May 25-June 6. *NIA, Birmingham.*

CRICKET

England v Australia: First Cornhill Test, June 3-7, *Old Trafford, Manchester*; **Second Cornhill Test,** June 17-21, *Lord's NW1*; **Third Cornhill Test,** July 1-3, 5, 6, *Trent Bridge, Nottingham.*

EQUESTRIANISM

Royal Windsor Horse Show. May 12-16. *Windsor, Berks.*

British Nations' Cup International Showjumping. May 20-23. *Hickstead, W Sussex.*

Windsor Horse Trials. May 27-30. *Windsor.*

FOOTBALL

FA Cup Final. May 15. *Wembley Stadium, Middx.*

GOLF

Volvo PGA Championship. May 28-31. *Wentworth Club, Surrey.*

Dunhill British Masters'. June 3-6. *Woburn, Beds.*

HORSE RACING

Ever Ready Derby, June 2; **Gold Seal Oaks,** June 5; *Epsom, Surrey.*

Royal Ascot. June 15-18. *Ascot, Berks.*

ROWING

Henley Royal Regatta. June 30-July 4. *Henley-upon-Thames, Oxon.*

TENNIS

Stella Artois Grass Court Championships (men). June 7-13. *Queen's Club, Palliser Rd, W14.*

The Championships. June 21-July 4. *All England Club, Wimbledon, SW19.*

OTHER EVENTS

Its space & the elegance of its surroundings have enabled Hampton Court Palace to launch a formidable challenge to Chelsea as London's top flower show, though true enthusiasts will no doubt want to visit both. The capital's pre-eminent antiques fair, held at Grosvenor House, has a European flavour this year.

Art in the City. Sculpture trail linking well-known City sites. June 3-July 25. *Starts & finishes Barbican Centre, EC2 (071-638 4141).*

Chelsea Flower Show. The best of everything horticultural. Public days May 27, 28. Thurs 3.30-8pm, Fri 8am-5pm. *Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea, SW3.* Thurs £10 (from 5.30pm, £6), Fri £16. (Credit-card booking on 071-379 4443.)

Grosvenor House Antiques Fair. The theme is European influence on Art in Britain. June 9-19. June 9 5-8pm; June 10 11am-5.30pm; then Mon-Fri 11am-8pm, Sat, Sun 11am-6pm. *Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W1 (information 071-499 6363).* £12, concessions, & everybody June 19, £6, includes handbook.

Hampton Court Palace Flower Show. Floral marquees, show gardens, aquatic section & plants for sale. July 7-11. Daily 10am-7.30pm (July 11 until 6.30pm). *Hampton Court Palace, East Molesey, Surrey.* £14, children £7. (Advance booking on 071-344 4444.)

International Wooden Boat Show. Boatbuilding, ropemaking, & lessons in paddling a coracle. June 3-6. Daily 10am-6pm. *National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, SE10 (081-858 4422).* £1.95, concessions £1.

Trooping the Colour. The Queen takes the salute at the parade of the 2nd Battalion the Coldstream Guards. June 12. Procession along The Mall 10.40-11am, returns 12.15pm. *Horse Guards' Parade & The Mall, SW1.*

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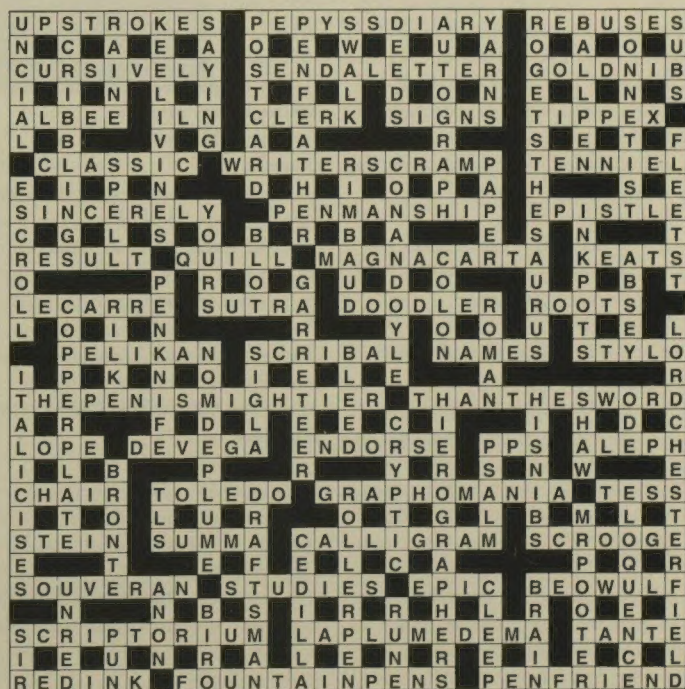
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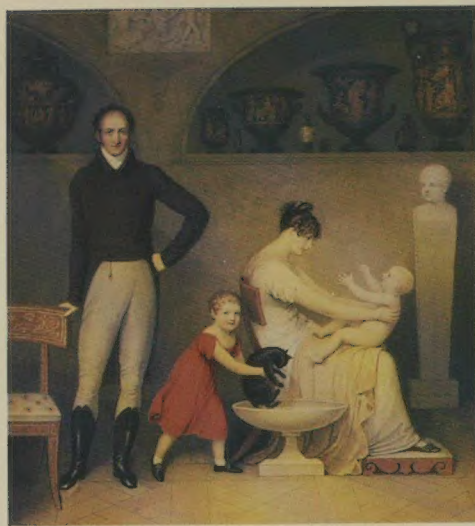
CROSSWORD SOLUTION

The four winners of the Pelikan Pens Crossword, published in our Winter issue 1992, were M. J. Hayter from London, D. Elias from Nottingham, L. Lennard from London, and K. Honor from Stafford. They were the first all-correct entries opened on March 31.

Each receives a Pelikan Classic fountain pen and companion ballpoint pen and propelling pencil.

The correct solution was:





The Artist and his Family, left, by Adam Buck, from Regency Design 1790-1840 by John Morley (Zwemmer, £85). Far left, Richard III, from The Complete Guide to the Battlefields of Britain by David Smurthwaite (Michael Joseph, £12.99). Right, from Tuscany: The Beautiful Cookbook by Lorenza de' Medici, photographs by Peter Johnson and Michael Freeman (Simon & Schuster, £35).



BOOK CHOICE

A selection of books for summer reading

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

Tennyson

by Peter Levi
Macmillan, £20

The life of Alfred Tennyson is well known: son of a Lincolnshire rector who drank too much, educated at Louth Grammar School and Cambridge, which he left without a degree but with the Chancellor's prize for poetry, finally flowering as a major poet with the composition of *In Memoriam* following the death of Arthur Hallam. The strength of this new biography lies in its appreciation of the poetry, which was written to be declaimed, although it also has an intriguing quality of mystery. Peter Levi's scholarly study should set the seal on Tennyson's restored reputation as poet and man of letters.

Royal Throne

by Elizabeth Longford
Hodder & Stoughton, £16.99

Lady Longford's book is subtitled "The Future of the Monarchy", and this is precisely what she has set herself to write about, making clear that it is a statement, not a query. In the run-up to a new millennium it has become fashionable to identify institutions that will not see the year 2000, and recent events have suggested to some that the monarchy may be among them. Lady Longford will have none of this, and sets out convincingly and most divertingly the reasons why it will survive.

Churchill

edited by Robert Blake and William Roger Louis
Oxford University Press, £19.95

This commentary, by 29 authors, on an equal number of aspects of Churchill's life, originated in a conference held at the University of Texas in 1991. The views taken, now rewritten for this book, are both realistic and critical. No attempt is made to gloss the many mistakes made in his long career, but neither is the familiar figure in any way diminished.

HARDBACK FICTION

Caesar

by Allan Massie
Hodder & Stoughton, £14.99

The third of Allan Massie's Roman novels tells the story of Julius Caesar through the eyes of Decimus Brutus, Roman general and admiral, friend of and an adviser to the great general and perpetual dictator, and one of his assassins. As with the earlier works the author brilliantly adds believable human scale to one of the best-known murder stories in classical history.

Asta's Book

by Barbara Vine
Viking, £15.99

Ruth Rendell is best known for her murder mysteries, but when she is not writing about Inspector Wexford she uses the name Barbara Vine. The novels that appear under this name are equally intriguing, and *Asta's Book* will certainly grip the reader as much as any detective story. Asta, who came to London from Denmark in 1905, wrote a diary which has been one of the publishing successes of the 1970s, and surprisingly provides clues to the solving of an old crime.

All the Pretty Horses

by Cormac McCarthy
Picador, £14.99

Set on the borders of the USA and Mexico nearly 50 years ago, this is a powerful novel about an American youth who crosses into Mexico after his family lose their ranch in Texas. The author's skill turns a fairly humdrum story into a substantial work, a promising start to a planned trilogy.

American Ghosts and Old World Wonders

by Angela Carter
Chatto, £13.99

This new collection of short stories reminds us what a talent was lost when Angela Carter died of cancer two years ago. All the style, excitement and sudden surprise that we associate with her writing is impressively on display.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

Sydney

by Jan Morris
Penguin, £6.99

The scene is the famous harbour on a sabbath afternoon—Sunday arvo in the Australian vernacular—and it is here that Jan Morris begins her elegant dissection of this tantalizingly ambivalent city. She has chosen it because it includes many of the elements which created the city and which sustain its character still: a mixture of the homely, the illicit, the beautiful, the nostalgic, the ostentatious, the formidable and the quaint, all bathed in sunshine. From such a heady hotchpotch was Sydney fashioned. Once it was dismissed as provincial and mediocre, and Jan Morris herself 30 years ago described it as no more than a harbour surrounded by suburbs. She, and the world, have changed their view.

The Oxford Book of the Sea

edited by Jonathan Raban
Oxford University Press, £7.99

Our natural affinity to the sea is well provided for in this wide-ranging anthology. The earliest piece, "The Seafarer", is Anglo Saxon, and tells of the discomfort and dangers of life at sea. The most recent, from John Updike's *Rabbit at Rest*, rubs it in with a vivid portrait of a man drowning.

The New Guide to Classical Music

by Jan Swafford
Macmillan, £10.99

To understand music we need knowledge almost as much as an ability to listen, and since music, in this author's words, "is something people do for people" this guide (first published in America) is mainly about composers and their works, though musical terms and concepts are not ignored. It makes a lively introduction to western classical music, and puts the reader one up on Beethoven, who once confessed that he didn't know what music was.

PAPERBACK FICTION

The Russian Girl

by Kingsley Amis
Penguin, £5.99

If there is room at the top of the Amis catalogue of appalling women then Cordelia Vaisey must be put there. She dominates this novel, though she is peripheral to a fairly insubstantial plot. This centres on a professor of Slavonic studies who falls for a Russian poetess but finds his academic reputation threatened by the fact that she writes very badly.

The Great Fire of London

by Peter Ackroyd
Penguin, £5.99

First published in 1982, this was Peter Ackroyd's first novel, and it made a powerful debut. A cast of Dickensian characters has been assembled round a film producer making a version of *Little Dorrit* in the area where the Marshalsea prison once stood, and the author has subtly dovetailed Dickens with some equally menacing characteristics of modern London.

The Very Model of a Man

by Howard Jacobson
Penguin, £5.99

The story of Cain, the world's first recorded murderer, is told partly in the first person in this satirical but very readable account, which has plenty of relevance to modern life.

A Choice of Murder

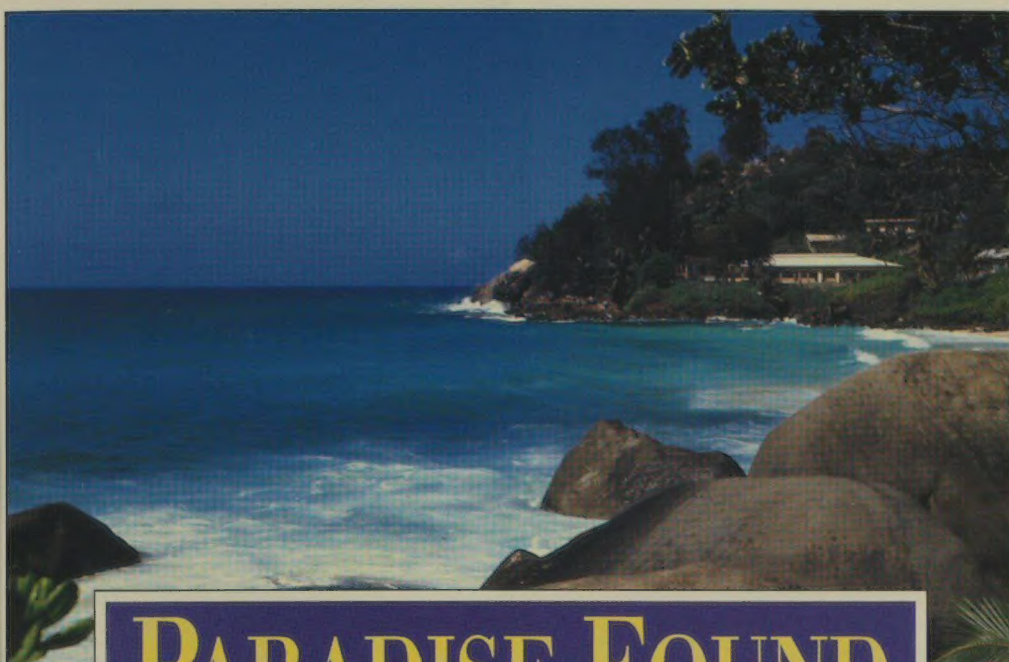
by Peter Vansittart
Peter Owen, £10.95

A finely written historical novel of Corinth four centuries BC, in which an exiled murderer becomes his country's hero when he is summoned back to lead an attack on Syracuse.

Waldo

by Paul Theroux
Penguin, £4.99

Perhaps Penguin are not doing Paul Theroux a favour by republishing his first novel, which he wrote some 25 years ago and which he now confesses was a disappointment to him. We can see what he means.



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THE ITINERARY

DAY 1 London/Mahe Fly London (Gatwick) to Mahe with Air Seychelles.

DAY 2 Mahe Arrive and drive to a first class hotel for a 3 night stay.

DAYS 3 & 4 At leisure

DAY 5 Mahe Morning, island drive. In the afternoon embark on the Renaissance VIII. Moor overnight.

DAY 6 Mahe Day free. Sail in the evening.

DAY 7 Curieuse/La Digue From under the shade of the huge Takamaka and Casuarina trees, go in search of the endangered giant land tortoises and explore the exquisite white sandy beaches. Sail during lunch to La Digue, an island of great charm with houses vaguely reminiscent of the French country style. Moor overnight.

DAY 8 La Digue Day free. Moor overnight.

DAY 9 Des Roches Island Idyllic and breathtakingly beautiful, ideal for walking and swimming.

DAY 10 Poivre The three atolls are collectively known as the Spice Islands. The surrounding coral reefs are close to the surface and the whole area is an enchanting mix of magnificent beaches and lush vegetation.

DAY 11 Praslin Visit the tropical rain forests, home to the unique and bizarre Coco de Mer. In the evening perhaps visit one of the charming hotels for drinks. Moor overnight.

DAY 12 Praslin Day free.

DAY 13 Aride Island Explore the island, seeking out the lesser Noddy Tern and Roseate Tern, or spend some time on the coral reef that partly surrounds this granite island.

DAY 14 Mahe Return to Victoria Harbour and disembark. Stay for one night (or longer if you wish) at a first class hotel.

DAY 15 Mahe to London (Gatwick) by daytime flight.

PRICES PER PERSON IN TWIN CABIN/SUITE

Standard Suites (210 sq ft)	£1899
Superior Suites (210 sq ft) Ocean view windows	£2154
Deluxe Suites (285 sq ft) Ocean view windows	£2404
Veranda Suites (210 sq ft)	£2599
Renaissance Suites (251 sq ft)	£2799
Single (Sole use of Standard Suite)	£2567

Price includes: Economy air travel, 9 nights on the Renaissance VIII (full board), 4 nights at a first class hotel, Mahe (breakfast only), shore excursions, Guest Speakers, Cruise Director, port taxes.

Not included: Tips to crew, Travel insurance from £44.

1993 DEPARTURE DATES

8*, 16, 29* May; 6, 19*, 27 June;
10*, 18, 31* July; 8, 21*, 29 August;
2*, 10, 23*, 31 October; 13*, 21 November;
4*, 12 December

* Dates with an asterisk have one extra night on Renaissance VIII and only 3 nights in Mahe incurring an additional cost of £90 per person in a twin cabin and £150 in a single.

The following departures have a peak season air supplement of £58 per person: 10, 18, 31 July; 8, 21, 29 August.

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There's more than surface charm to Barbados

The watersports are brilliant, and so is the sun; but that shouldn't blind you to all the other experiences Barbados has to offer. If our sunshine is famous, our shade can be spectacular, as you'll discover when you explore the underground marvels of Harrison's Cave. And if you fancy another dramatic change of scenery — take a trip by submarine to see our eye-opening underwater life!

Barbados is a wonderful place to get a suntan; yet its pleasures are certainly more than skin deep. There are splendid plantation houses, quaint 'chattel' houses, magical flower forests, nature reserves and old pirate strongholds to discover. And that's not to mention the warm welcome you'll find everywhere on the island.

Of course, Barbados is a beachcomber's paradise; but then it's also the happiest of hunting grounds for pleasure seekers, nature enthusiasts and anyone who loves to go exploring. And it's all a lot closer than you think!

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